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NOV. 21, 1956  
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MISS SUSAN PROCTER



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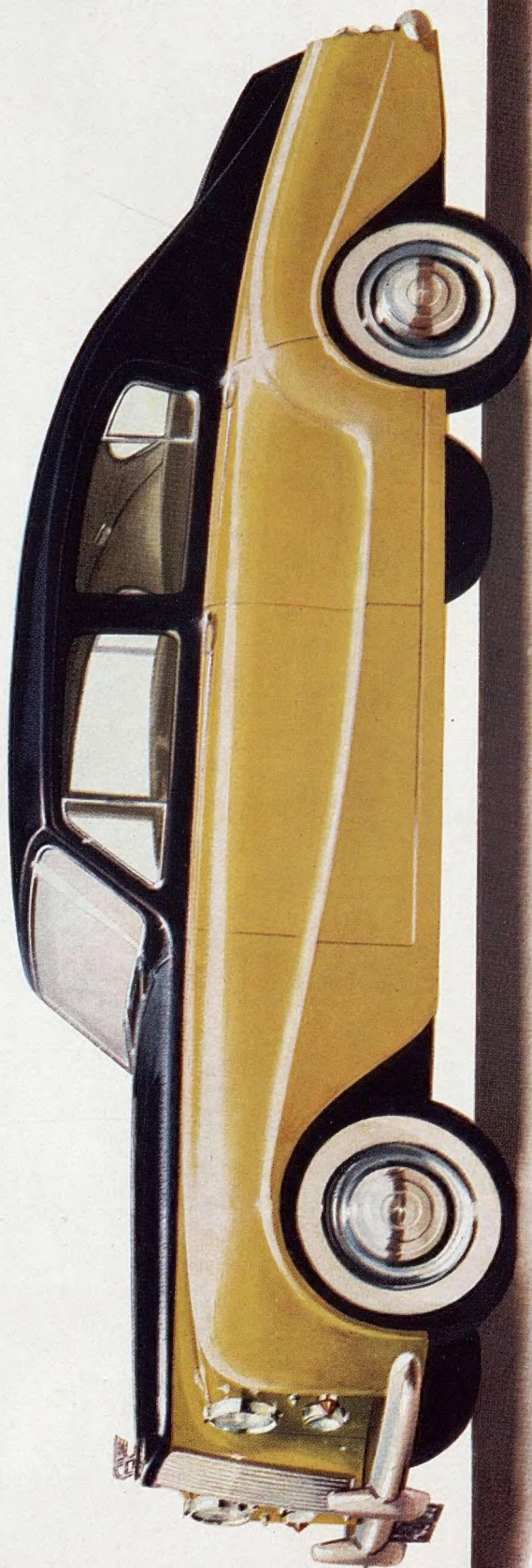
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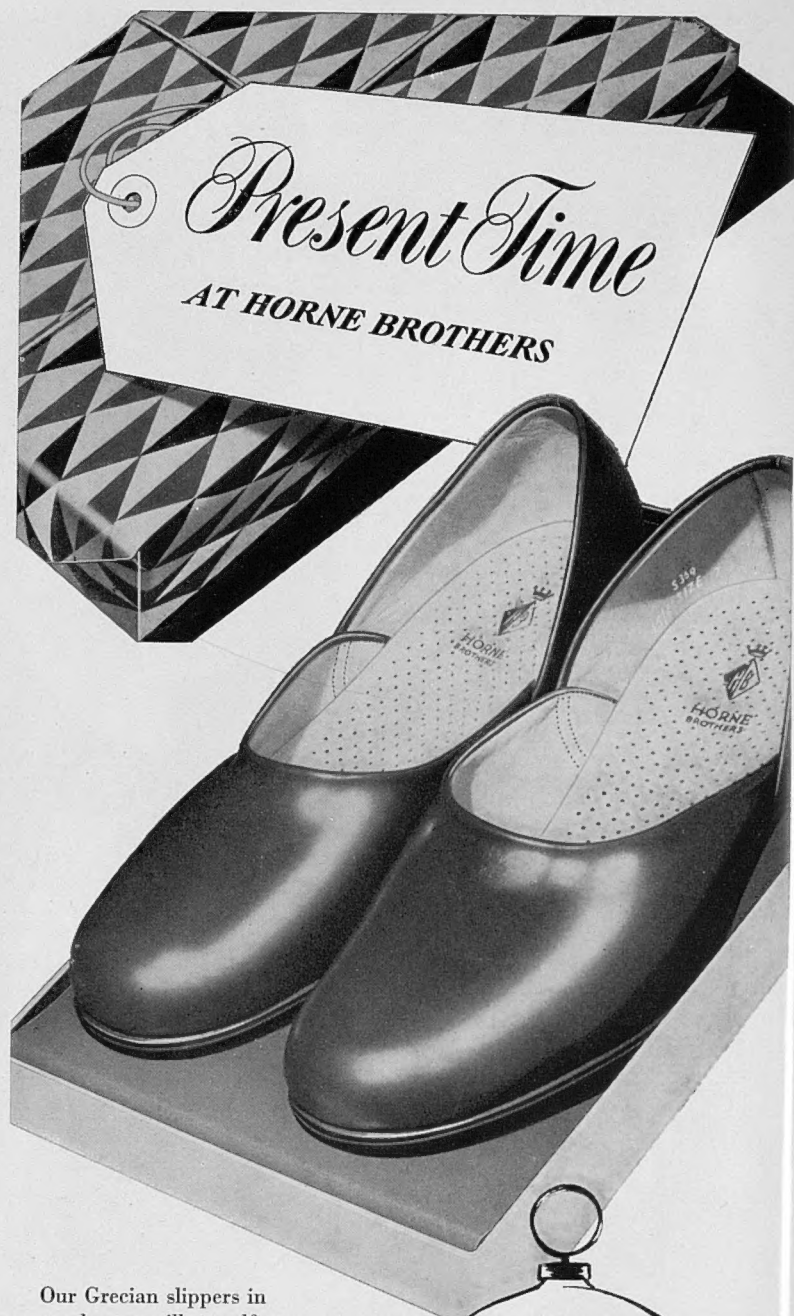
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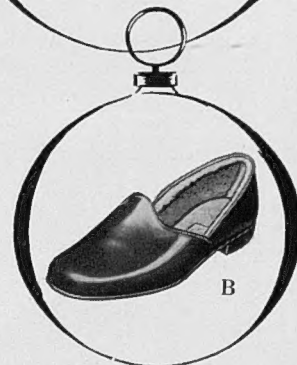


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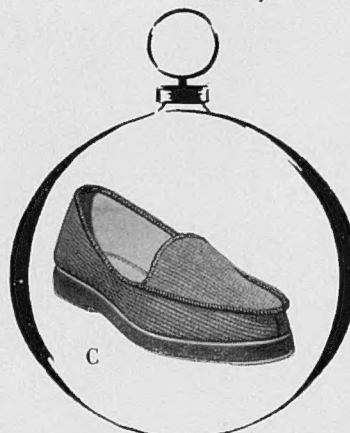
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A



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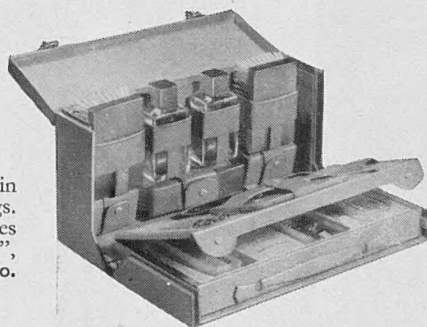
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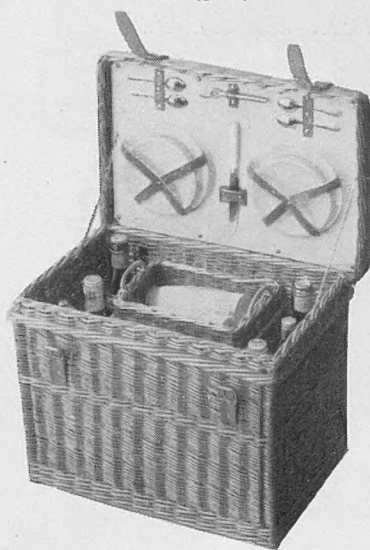
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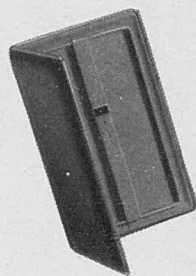
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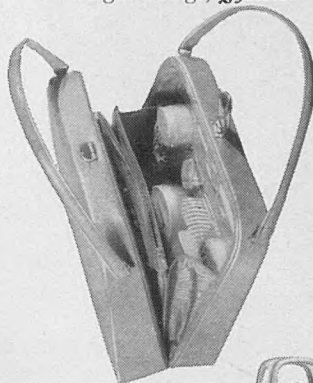
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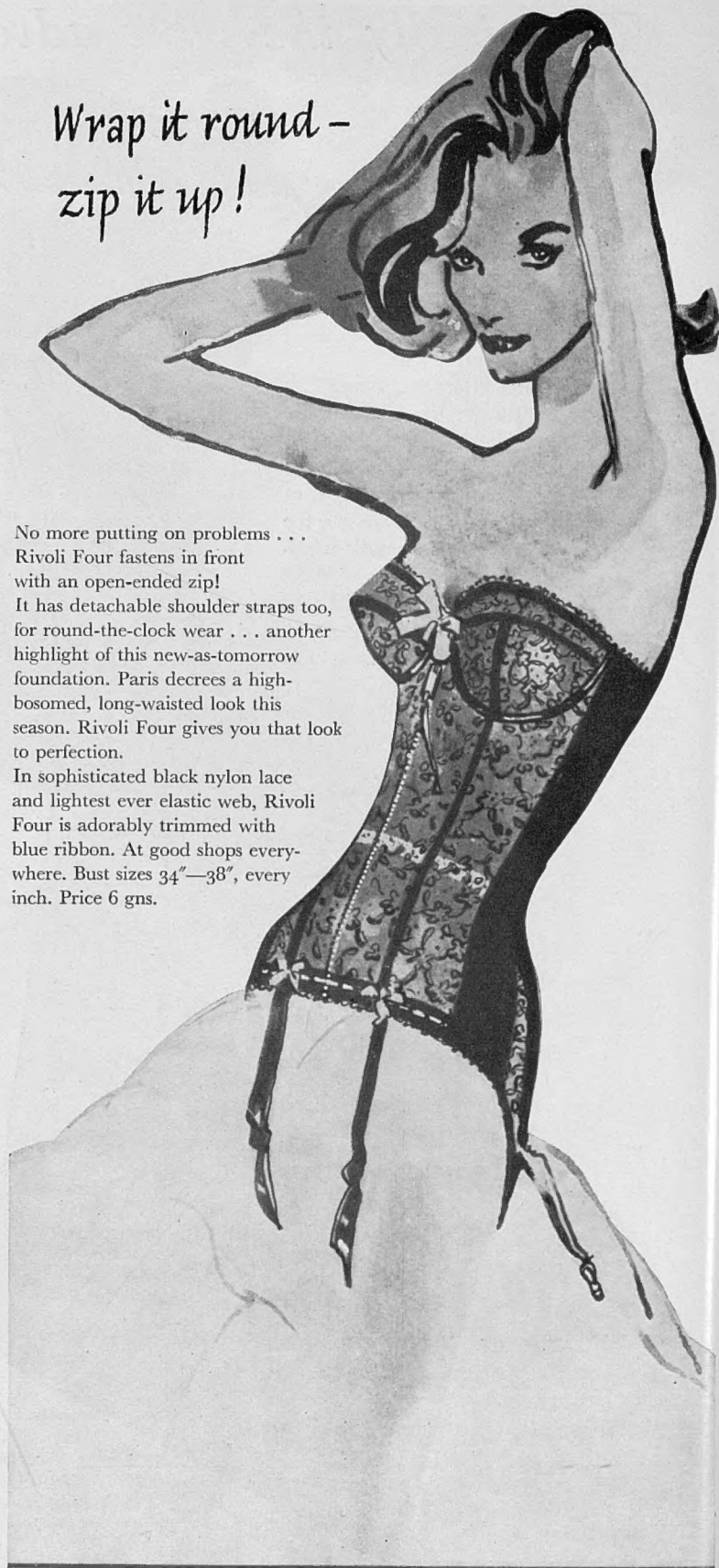
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MISS SUSAN PROCTER is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Procter, of Eastwick Manor, near Harlow, Essex; she is seventeen and has one brother, Nigel, who is now up at Oxford. After leaving Heathfield she spent last winter at a finishing school in Switzerland where she was able to spend a good deal of time at her favourite sport, skiing. This photograph was taken at Kleine Scheidegg, under the Jungfrau in Switzerland. She is to be presented next spring

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 21 to November 28

**Nov. 21 (Wed.)** Princess Marie-Louise will open the Y.M.C.A. Fair at Londonderry House.  
Association Football: Scotland v. Yugoslavia, Hampden Park, Glasgow.

Dances: Katherine Low Settlement Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel; Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball at the Park Lane Hotel.  
Steeplechasing at Newbury.

**Nov. 22 (Thurs.)** The 1956 Olympic Games open in Melbourne.

H.H. Princess Marie-Louise will visit the Navy League's Antiques Fair and Christmas Bazaar at Chelsea Town Hall at 11 a.m.

The American Society in London, Thanksgiving Day Banquet at the Dorchester Hotel.  
Steeplechasing at Newbury and Uttoxeter.

**Nov. 23 (Fri.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the Annual Foundation Day Dinner and confer Honorary Degrees at the Senate House, University of London.

East Sussex Hunt Ball, Queen's Hotel, Hastings, Sussex.

Chiddingfold and Leconfield Hunt Ball, Petworth House, Petworth.

Steeplechasing at Doncaster, Sandown Park and Worcester.

**Nov. 24 (Sat.)** Exhibition of British Portraits 1500-1914 (provisionally to March 3), Royal Academy, Piccadilly.

Steeplechasing at Doncaster, Sandown Park and Worcester.

**Nov. 25 (Sun.)** *Cavalcade Of 1906* at the Saville Theatre, in aid of the Central School of Speech and Drama.

**Nov. 26 (Mon.)** Lawn Tennis: National Covered Courts Championship of Great Britain (to December 1), Queen's Club, London.

Boy Scouts' Gang Show 1956 (to December 8), Golders Green Hippodrome.

Dances: The Stars Ball in aid of the Stars Organization for Spastics, at Grosvenor House; The Cloak and Dagger Ball, at the Dorchester Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Wolverhampton.

**Nov. 27 (Tues.)** The Queen will attend a Dinner at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Dinner and Ball in aid of the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club, Savoy Hotel.  
Steeplechasing at Wolverhampton.

**Nov. 28 (Wed.)** The Queen will visit the State Apartments at Kensington Palace which have been refurnished with furniture left by the late Queen Mary.

Princess Margaret will attend the cocktail party given by the 3rd King's Own Hussars at the Cavalry Club.

Association Football: England v. Yugoslavia, Wembley, Middlesex.

Dances: Princess Weikersheim for Miss Cecilia Weikersheim at the Swedish Embassy; Canadian Women's Club Maple Leaf Ball at Dorchester Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Haydock Park and Kempton Park.



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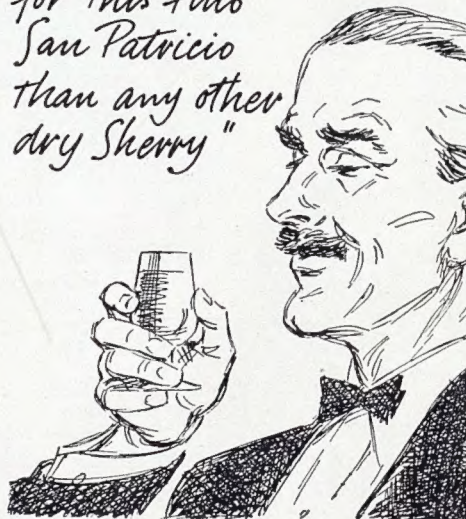
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## Family group north of the Border

PETER, WILLIAM AND CAROLINE ERSKINE are the children of Sir David and Lady Erskine; Peter is six years old, Caroline eight and William four. Sir David is the 5th baronet and at one time served in the Indian Corps of Engineers. Before her marriage

in 1947 Lady Erskine was Miss Ann Fraser-Tytler, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Neil Fraser-Tytler, D.S.O., T.D., of Inverness-shire. This charming photograph was taken at the Erskines' family seat in Scotland, Cambo House, Kingsbarns, Fife



## DAME FELICITY AND HER SON

ANDREW CHARLES PEAKE, the infant son of Mr. Harald and Dame Felicity Peake, D.B.E., is here with his mother, who was the brilliant Director of the W.R.A.F. from 1946 to 1950. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Daphne Straight are the baby's godmothers, and the Earl of Scarborough and Lord Kindersley his godfathers. Dame Felicity married Mr. Peake, who is a relative of the Marquess of Zetland, four years ago



Lenore

### Social Journal

Jennifer

# THE QUEEN GREETS DIPLOMATISTS

THE evening presentation party which the Queen holds each year at Buckingham Palace for the Diplomatic Corps is always a brilliant and dignified occasion. This year there was perhaps an air of greater solemnity than usual, no doubt owing to the world crisis. The Queen, looking radiant in a gold and cream brocade dress with magnificent jewels, made a wonderful picture reminiscent of medieval days as she walked through the suite of rooms with the Duchess of Devonshire, her Mistress of the Robes, and her two ladies in waiting in attendance. She was accompanied by Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, who presented the representatives of the numerous nations, many of whom were in the Throne Room.

Following in the Royal procession came the Queen Mother, also wearing magnificent jewels, with a white tulle dress which had a short train, Princess Margaret in yellow, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who was greeting many friends, and Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma. The Norwegian Ambassador, doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, was there with Mme. Prebensen, very chic in grey, and their daughter Evie in blue, the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel and their two daughters, and the Panamanian Ambassador with Dame Margot Arias, who was in white.

Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb, the latter looking very attractive in turquoise blue and her leaf design diamond tiara, were over from Paris, and others present, most of whom were wearing orders and decorations and the ladies superb jewels, included the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, the Earl and Countess of Selkirk, Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, the Master of the Rolls and Lady Evershed, who was in red lace, General Sir Gerald Templer, C.I.G.S., and Lady Templer, who wore an exquisite sequin embroidered white satin dress, Countess Alexander of Tunis in emerald green with Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Countess Wavell, Sir Victor and Lady Mallet and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain.

★ ★ ★

I SAID in my journal of September 26 that one of the gayest and most social of the charity dances this Little Season would be the "After Dinner Pay Party," for which Lady Daphne Straight was the chairman, and my prediction proved to be right. The party took place

at the May Fair Hotel and was organized to raise funds for that very good cause, the National Fund for Poliomyelitis. On all sides I heard friends saying what a pleasure it was to attend a charity dance that was not overcrowded, and with a real private party atmosphere.

Lady Daphne Straight, who looked most attractive in John Cavanagh's lovely white lace and pink satin dress, was going round the tables greeting her friends. With Mr. Whitney Straight, she was in a party with Earl Beatty and his lovely American-born wife, who was in white, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. The Duke told me that he had only come down from Scotland that morning, and they were off to Paris next day. This party of friends had a table in one of the four boutiques which were in each corner of the ballroom.

OPPOSITE, I saw the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, who had a party of eight. The Earl is a very live wire in the cause of the much needed polio research. In another boutique, Mr. Tommy and Lady Elizabeth Clyde had a party, including Mrs. Rosie Clyde and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Underdown. Sir Simon and Lady Marks, the latter in a beaded satin dress, had a big party at a long table on the edge of the dance floor, which included their daughter Mrs. Learner and her husband, the Hon. Hugh and the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, the latter in a white dress with a striking scarlet scarf-sash, Mr. Mark and Lady Annabel Birley, Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Sieff. At a long table on the other side of the floor Col. and Mrs. Jackie Ward had a party including the Spanish Ambassador the Duque de Primo de Rivera.

Mary Duchess of Roxburghe was with friends—the Countess of Midleton, Col. Remington-Hobbs, Col. Richardson and the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, while Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks had the very attractive Baroness Gabrielle Oppenheim and Vicomte d'Orthez with them. The Baroness was over on a visit from Quadrath near Cologne, where she has a famous and very successful stud of racehorses. She told me she had been fortunate in already getting a nomination to the unbeaten miracle racehorse, Ribot, for one of her mares. The Hon. Peter Ward and his bride-to-be (their wedding is planned to take place today, the 21st) were with the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Russell and the Hon. John and Mrs. Warrender.

Others I saw at this very enjoyable party included the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland Moore, Mr. Alan Miller from Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, and the Hon. Max Aitken, who arrived rather late, having been working hard at his office over the Suez crisis.



Before this party I had been to the opening night of the opera season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Here I saw a charming and well produced performance of Verdi's *Masked Ball* sung in English. David Poleri was a colourful Gustavus III, King of Sweden, and sang superbly, as did Amy Shuard as Amelia. Graziella Sciutti was outstandingly good as Oscar a page, and not only sang beautifully but also looked enchanting.

★ ★ ★

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson received the guests at a cocktail party given at Simpsons Services Club to mark the opening of the winter sports season. Quite a number of personalities from the ski-ing and skating world were present, among them Lady Blane, who is a devotee of Villars, Mrs. Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson, who is taking her young sons out to Klosters, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and Mrs. Paul Hepworth, who have all spent many seasons in Wengen, and Mr. Toni Sailer the Olympic ski champion. I also met Lord and Lady Teynham, Lord Barnby, Col. and Mrs. Jimmy Ford, who took their young son out to Wengen last winter, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, Lady Pulbrook, Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor—a very fine skier when work permits a couple of weeks in the snow—Mr. Jaimie Illingworth, who hopes to get to St. Moritz this winter, his sister Mary-Dawn Illingworth, Countess Bunny Esterhazy, and Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington.

From here I went on to Claridge's where the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino were holding a reception in honour of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Venezuela and Mme. Arismendi. Members of the Diplomatic Corps and both Houses of Parliament were present. I met the Cuban Ambassador, who was alone as his lovely wife was suffering from ear trouble, and the very active Philippine Ambassador who not only represents his country at the Court of St. James's but also in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. He was there with Mme. Guerrero, and they were talking to Miss Evie Prebensen, the attractive and charming daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador. Rafaele, Duchess of Leinster and Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold were meeting many friends. Mr. "Chips" Channon had come straight from the House of Commons and was talking to Lady Mancroft (whose husband had left early to go on to a dinner) and Mr. Marcus and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke. Mr. Channon celebrated his twenty-first anniversary in the House of Commons last week. He has represented Southend-on-Sea since November 14, 1935.

I LEFT this party to go on to another given by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alastair Villiers at their lovely home in Hyde Park Square. Here were many friends formerly—like their host—in the Grenadier Guards, among them Lord Goschen, Sir Napoleon Brinckman and Col. Jimmy Ford (who had come on from the party at Simpsons Club), all three accompanied by their wives. Col. Walter Sale, who formerly commanded the Blues and is now the Queen's Crown Equerry in charge of the Royal Mews, was there with the Hon. Mrs. Sale and Col. and Mrs. "Mossy" Preston. Col. Preston was formerly in the Coldstream Guards.

I met the Peruvian Ambassador and his lovely wife, the Cuban Ambassador who had also come on from Claridge's to this party, and the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and his very vivacious and pretty Italian-born wife. The Hon. Mrs. Cartwright was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barty-King; both Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Barty-King have daughters coming out next year. Lt.-Col. Villiers's sister, Mrs. Dickie Black, was there with her husband and I met Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morison-Scott, Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas, Capt. Neil Cooper-Key who had come from the House of Commons, the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, Mr. Eustace Robb, and the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon.

★ ★ ★

LATER that evening I went along to Christie's famous sale rooms in King Street, St. James's, where an evening reception and a sale took place, the proceeds of which went to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in aid of their Centenary Fund. The art treasures, numbering 144, which included pictures, drawings, prints, porcelain, jewellery, furniture, textiles and books, had all been given by friends of the hospital. Prices were good and by the end of the evening the splendid sum of £8,020 had been raised for the hospital! It was interesting to notice that among the buyers were several of our well-known antique dealers who, by securing a treasure they wanted, were also able to help a good cause.

Vases of flowers decorated the anteroom, and the famous Great Room at Christie's, where the actual auction took place. It presented a wonderful spectacle with its crimson brocade paper walls and giant crystal chandeliers glistening above the numerous gifts and many buyers, some in evening dress. Mr. Peter Chance was the very efficient auctioneer, and the top price of the sale, 820 guineas, was given for a suite of four giltwood fauteuils and a canape of Louis XV design,

[Continued overleaf]



Betty Swaeba

MISS SALLY ANNA FAURE, who was a debutante this year, is photographed in her grandmother, Mrs. D. Klenau's, drawing-room in Regent's Park. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Faure, of Great Hallingbury Grange, Bishop's Stortford. Miss Faure was presented to the Queen by her mother last March. Her father is a member of the Baltic Exchange in the City





*THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, Sir Cullum Welch, Kt., was this month installed in office with traditional ceremony and colour. He is a practising solicitor, a business man and a member of many of the famous City Companies. During the war he commanded the 3rd H.G.A.A. Bgt. He won the Military Cross in World War One*

kindly presented by Sir Alfred Beit. The pair of George III silver table candlesticks presented by the Duke of Norfolk made 250 guineas, and a pair of two-handled oval silver trays given by Lord Howard of Glossop, 200 guineas.

I saw Viscount Furness who had not only presented a large silver table plateau which fetched 200 guineas, but also bought several objects including a model of a soldier of the Swiss Guard in the service of His Holiness the Pope, presented by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company, for which he paid 140 guineas. A representative of Messrs. Aspreys paid 380 guineas for the ivory figure of Christ presented by the Pope. Others at the sale included Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, the latter very attractive in black, Lt.-Col. Ivo Reid, Lady Kent talking in the anteroom to Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grinling, Lady Dormer, Mr. Morogh Bernard, Mr. Peter French Davies, Princess Weikersheim, Mr. Geoffrey Keating, Mr. Gwyn and Lady Audrey Morris who had presented a porcelain snuff box, Mr. Robert de Stacpoole, W/Cdr. Grant-Ferris, Mrs. Everard Gates, the Hon. Mrs. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, Col. and Mrs. James Allason and Major Robert and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, who presented several pieces, and also bought one or two lots.

★ ★ ★

THE Dowager Lady Swaythling radiates kindness and always has a great welcome for her friends at her lovely house in Kensington Court. Recently she invited some of her musical friends to hear a young Australian pianist, twenty-four year old Dorothy Roberts, who comes from Sydney and has been studying over here, thanks to the kindness of the Australian philanthropist Sir Edward Hallstrom, who sent over £1,000 for her studies. He did this on the recommendation of both Sir Malcolm Sargent and Sir John Barbirolli who heard her play when she first arrived in this country.

At the recital in Lady Swaythling's lovely music room she played works by Rachmaninoff, Schubert, Schumann, the Polish composer Chopin, and as an encore the Tarantella by Liszt, who was a Hungarian. Among those listening to her, beside the hostess, were Princess Galitzine, Countess Vanden Heuvel, the Dowager Lady Ebbisham, Lady Mayer and Lady Evelyn Jones. After the recital guests enjoyed a delicious tea and congratulated the young pianist on her playing.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful cocktail party given by the Bahamas Government Information Bureau in the bright and gay Penthouse Suite at the Dorchester Hotel. This was to inaugurate the new information bureau which has been set up at 21 Berkeley Square, where anyone contemplating visiting this winter the gloriously sunny Bahamas, with their silvery beaches, or who has any other interests in the Caribbean, can get expert help and advice. At the party I met Sir Francis Peake, who was returning to his home in Nassau via New York with his wife and baby son and heir a few days later. Sir Roland and Lady Robinson were greeting friends: they too have a lovely home in Nassau and will be

going out there next month. Next summer Lady Robinson is bringing out her daughter Loretta, who is at present at school in America.

I also met Lord and Lady Ennisdale, who usually visit Nassau each winter, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, who will be spending Christmas at their home out there, Mr. Alan Miller one of the many Americans with fine homes in the Bahamas, Mr. Vane Ivanovic, who hopes to go there once again this winter for underwater fishing in the Caribbean and farther afield, and Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, who visited friends in Nassau last spring, on their way back from the West Indies. Others at the party included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Mr. Teddy Remington Hobbs, Miss Marianne Davis, Mr. Ralph Cobbold, the Hon. Neville Berry and Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. A. C. Critchley. Like the Roland Robinsons they have a very attractive daughter coming out next season. She is already a very good golfer, and Gen. Critchley told me can already beat her mother, who was English Ladies Champion.

★ ★ ★

I HAD, alas, only a few very brief moments to spend at one of the happiest cocktail parties I have ever been to. This was given by Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Toby Whetherly in the Oliver Messel suite at the Dorchester Hotel where they were spending a week up from their home in Wiltshire. This evening marked the eighteenth anniversary of their wedding day, so it was a truly joyous occasion, which radiated happiness in this very gay setting. Most of the friends present knew each other so that conversation was easy and amusing.

Mrs. Whetherly, a charming hostess, who looked most attractive in black, took no chances that her friends might not be acquainted, and quickly introduced each new guest on arrival. Her mother, Mrs. Selden Long, was there, also her pretty niece, the Hon. Susan Lever, that very good-looking couple, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. William Forbes, who were motoring back to their Norfolk home, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Blundell, the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Hazlerigg, Mr. Tony Crean and his fiancée, Mrs. Edgar Bowring and Sir Simon and Lady Campbell-Orde.

★ ★ ★

SIR JOHN TAYLOR, chairman of the British-Mexican Society, presided at the annual dinner of the Society which took place in the Members Dining Room of the House of Commons. There were four speeches; first, the Rt. Hon. A. R. W. Low proposed the toast of Anglo-Mexican friendship, to which Señor Don Gustavo Luders de Negri, the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires, responded. Sir John Taylor proposed the health of the guests and Mr. Desmond Donnelly replied in a light and amusing vein. Members and guests, who were received by Sir John and Lady Taylor, included Señor Don Delfino Sanchez Latour, the Guatemalan Minister, Lord Sempill, Viscount Furness, Mr. R. C. Hankey, who is head of the American Department at the Foreign Office, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold, and Mrs. Peter Smithers, whose husband—one of the vice-chairmen—was away in Paris.

★ ★ ★

MRS. GEORGE BARKER gave a most enjoyable cocktail party for her very pretty daughter Patricia, who came out this year. Patricia's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Elmhirst, whose country house is Dartington Hall, Devonshire, very kindly lent their charming flat in Upper Brook Street for the occasion. The flowers—lilies and red carnations—and autumn leaves were all brought up from the country and arranged by the family in large bowls about the rooms.

Patricia, who wore a dress of white lace and black velvet in a Victorian style, had her elder sister Anne, a débutante of 1954, to help her look after all the young guests. Among the girls were Miss Gay Lowson, the Hon. Susan Remnant, Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, who is sharing her coming-out dance with Miss Jennifer Anderson at Claridge's next month, Miss Tessa Kaye, Miss Mary Mount, Miss Angela Huth, whose younger sister Patricia makes her début next year, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, and Miss Susie Hennessey. Among the young men present at this very gay party, which went on until quite late, were Mr. Ben Hanbury, Mr. Philip de Laszlo, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, Mr. Richard Strachan, Mr. David Stewart Menzies, Mr. Richard Williams Ellis and Mr. David Walter.

★ ★ ★

READERS all over the world must want to help the people of Hungary who have suffered such a ghastly tragedy in their country. The most practical way, when you read this, is to act at once and send a donation, big or small, but the bigger the better, in any currency to the Lord Mayor of London's Hungarian Relief Fund, the Mansion House, London.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE just heard from Mr. Derek Crossman, who is running the United Hunts Ball, one of the main social events of the Michaelmas Term at Cambridge. This he tells me will take place on November 30 at the Pitt Club. Tickets are £3 10s. for a double ticket and are obtainable from Mr. Crossman at 35 Thompson's Lane, Cambridge.



## THE HEIR TO THE THRONE COMPOSES A TRIPTYCH

THE STURDY FIGURE of Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall and Heir to the Crown of Britain, is now familiar at many Royal functions. On November 14 he was the centre of his own particular ceremonies when he celebrated his eighth birthday. In this study by Tony Armstrong Jones he is seen in the doorway of one of the State rooms at Buckingham Palace reflected on either side by the silvered glass







Desmond O'Neill

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TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
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## A BALL FOR THE STAGE

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH Actresses' Ball in aid of the Ellen Terry Bed at Gosfield Hall was held at the Savoy Hotel. Above, Miss Felicity Drew and Miss Valerie Battine were present

Miss Tessa Cannon and Miss Tessa Milne

Miss Patricia Walker and Mr. Adrian Salter



Miss Shiela Peczenik, Miss Wendy Raphael and Miss Elisabeth Durlacher

Miss Victoria Cannon and Miss Ionthe Eley



The Hon. Cecily Somerset and the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain

Miss Ann Johnson was here with Miss Jill Barbezat



Miss Lavinia Buston and Miss Sally Hall were two other guests





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
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*Countess Fortescue, National President of the Y.W.C.A.,  
buys a Christmas decoration*

*Sayre and Amanda Merritt  
admire a Christmas decoration*

*Mrs. Alastair Urquhart and Mrs.  
Mark Vardy who were helpers*

## A CHRISTMAS FAIR

THE Y.W.C.A. held their Christmas Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel which was opened by Lady Eden. Above, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester being shown around by Lady Hermione Cobbold



*Desmond O'Neill*

*Spectators watching a fashion show. The dress  
by Digby Morton is called "Wiggle Waggle"*



*Miss Janet Villars and Miss  
Barbara Anthony cake weighing*



*Mrs. D. Merritt and Mrs. Ian  
Crabbie were two keen shoppers*



# 

• Ernle Bradford •

FOR many years now the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition at Burlington House has been one of the highlights of the London scene. This year is no exception. Indeed it is doubtful whether there has ever been a more completely fascinating exhibition than this. Here we have not only gallery after gallery of great art, but also an illustrated picture book, as it were, of Britain's history.

The British tradition of portrait painting is ancient and noble. It stems most probably from the fact that this country has long been prosperous and commercial. The habit and possession of wealth has always meant that those so endowed wish to record themselves and their families. Poor countries have relatively few portrait painters. Britain, on the other hand, has had many, and whenever her native talent has been slight she has always hastened to import the best foreign artists that could be found.

The way to approach the present exhibition best is to take the galleries in the logical sequence in which they have been arranged. The sixteenth century greets one first, then, with the sumptuous splendour of its people, their clothes, and the qualities of the artists whom they employed. The younger Holbein is well represented; among other works by his magnificent painting of Archbishop Warham as well as an outstanding portrait of Sir Thomas Howard.

AND here is the great Queen herself, the Queen whose proud boast it was that she was "mere English." Nearby hangs a portrait of that tragic figure, Essex, her doomed favourite—a handsome figure in a costume embroidered all over with pearls. A few yards away one finds the gentle little face of Elizabeth Bruges, a charming painting by Hieronimo Custodis. One's sense of irony and pity is moved by the fact that this child (she was fourteen at the time of the portrait) within two years was to arouse the amorous fancy of Essex, thus causing her disgrace and dismissal from the court. Nor does the girl who looks out at you from this painting know that, after her dismissal, she will be married by her parents to Sir John Kennedy and live unhappily ever after.

But these sad speculations are checked by the arresting portrait of Mary Fitton. Was this indeed the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," the woman who was to cause Shakespeare such agony of mind? We can but speculate, study her beautiful but unrevealing eyes—and pass on. What is so interesting is that time and again one is halted by an arresting or fascinating personality, only to find that history records little or nothing of them. And sometimes, among the great and illustrious, we find that their portraits do not square with our mental conceptions of them, thus making us think again and perhaps alter or rectify our views.

HALF the joy of wandering round these galleries is speculation, not so much as to whom the artist was—which is often self-evident—but as to the identity of the sitter. It cannot, incidentally, be stressed too much that this is one exhibition where a catalogue is essential. It is a small masterpiece of scholarship and research, and will prove an invaluable "footnote," as it were, to the library shelves of all who are interested in the history of our country.

To move from the sixteenth into the seventeenth century and the Civil War period is like moving into another climate. It is extraordinary how faces reflect the age in which they live. There is an increased introspective quality, a kind of self-consciousness, about many of these seventeenth-century men and women. The open, buccaneering look, the lust for life, which seem to characterize the Elizabethans are replaced here by something more withdrawn, more sombre perhaps.

The Van Dycks alone are worth travelling many miles to see and no one should miss his portrait of the Countess of Devonshire. Nor indeed should they miss the fine pair of portraits by Mytens of King Charles and George Villiers, 1st Duke of Buckingham. The latter shines with all the easy, swaggering vitality of his nature. It was painted not long before that energetic and talented life was cut short by the dagger of John Felton.



"Charles II" by Samuel Cooper (1609–1672), lent by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon



"Lady Caroline Lamb" by Thomas Phillips, R.A. (1770–1845), a Chatsworth Settlement loan





*A possible portrait of Nell Gwyn by Sir Peter Lely  
(1618-1680), lent by Denys Bower, Esq.*

*"A Child With A Dog" by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.  
(1723-1792), lent by Messrs. Agnew*

To move into the eighteenth century is like coming into the warm drawing-room of an English country house. There is an air of prosperity coupled with a comfortable elegance that is as patent in these faces as it is in the houses which their architects designed for them.

But occasionally an oddity crops up, a face that might even belong to our own times. An example of this is the magnificent portrait of Matthew Prior, the poet and statesman, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. I am not sure that—impossible though it is in an exhibition of this quality to award laurels—I would not choose this painting above all. If not the greatest, it is certainly one of the most arresting. The sensitive humorous face, not without a tinge of irony in the eyes, is that of a man whom one would like to have met.

ONE reason why no one who cares for either British art or history should miss this exhibition is that there are here a considerable number of great paintings that have never been seen by the public before, and may not be seen again in our generation.

An unusual picture which is certain to arouse great interest is an enchanting nude by Sir Peter Lely. It is possible that the subject is "pretty, witty" Nell Gwyn. It is known that King Charles did commission just such a portrait of her, but whether this be it cannot definitely be stated. Whoever the sitter was she remains attractive enough for one to compliment the king on his good taste!

The nineteenth century is far from being without its splendours. Indeed, because these men and women are closer to us in time they arouse an even deeper interest, perhaps. And what richness there is here! How good a painter Winterhalter could be at his best! And there is one of Whistler's very greatest portraits. . . . But one cannot catalogue the splendours of this exhibition.

Finally we reach our own century. Here are miraculous Sargents and Orpens, our own Queen in the now famous portrait by Annigoni, a very fine painting of the Queen Mother by Sir Gerald Kelly, and some outstanding works by the incomparable Augustus John.







Paul Tanqueray

## APPEARING IN TV DRAMA

CATHERINE FELLER plays an important part in the production of *The Silver Cord*, due to be seen on ITV tonight. This play, by the American dramatist Sidney Howard, was produced in London in the 1920s. Later it was filmed. Miss Feller played the Dauphin in *The Lark* in 1955, and appeared in the picture made from Mr. Alfred Hayes's work *The Girl On The Via Flaminia*

# Roundabout

● Cyril Ray

ONE august daily newspaper, I am told, forbids its staff and contributors any mention of Christmas shopping, Christmas presents, Christmas cards, and so on, until a certain date, fixed from the editorial chair, well into November. It is a gallant effort to halt the march of time, or bid the tides stay still, rather like that gesture by its distinguished contemporary, which retained well into living memory the apostrophe before the word "bus," to show that it was merely a colloquial abbreviation, and that the paper knew it.

Labour in vain, I fear—though I could wish that the West End stores would similarly refrain from staging the "seasonable" displays until they are, in fact, seasonable. It won't be long before shop windows and advertisements are proclaim-

ing Yuletide half the year round, and what will become then of the other festivals of the year?

What always surprises me about Christmas shop-windows is the banality of those little tickets that try to nudge you into believing that this or that gadget or gewgaw is an "Acceptable Gift" or a "Seasonable Present," or that accost you with an arch "For Her," or "For the Man in Your Life."

Either a husband does, in fact, want a tie-press, in which case, obviously, it's acceptable, whether now or at Whitsuntide, or he doesn't, in which case it wouldn't be acceptable on any of the 365 days in the year. And wives who buy ties for their husbands, like husbands who buy scent for their wives, are either so confident or so reckless that a little ticket saying simply

(as some so innocently do) "Yuletide Gift" won't make a scrap of difference either way.

Nowadays, of course, there are gift-tokens for everything: what began (I think) with books now extends to food and wine and gramophone records and theatre tickets, and who knows what else.

A VERY good idea, too, for it allows the giver still some small element of choice ("I know you are a book-lover, so it is a book-token I send, rather than a ton of coal, or a Christmas cake, but I can't know for sure which book you would like"), while ensuring that the recipient also can pick precisely the book or the record or the play he wants.

All the same, I cannot help feeling when



I buy somebody a token (as I do) that I am shirking my responsibilities a little. Presents, except to the most acutely poverty-stricken, should smack a little, surely, of the extravagant and luxurious—should eschew the useful, the economical, the sort of thing that the recipient would eventually have to buy himself. (What small boy doesn't feel cheated at being given something for his money-box, or a pair of braces—"You'd have had to buy me those anyway!")

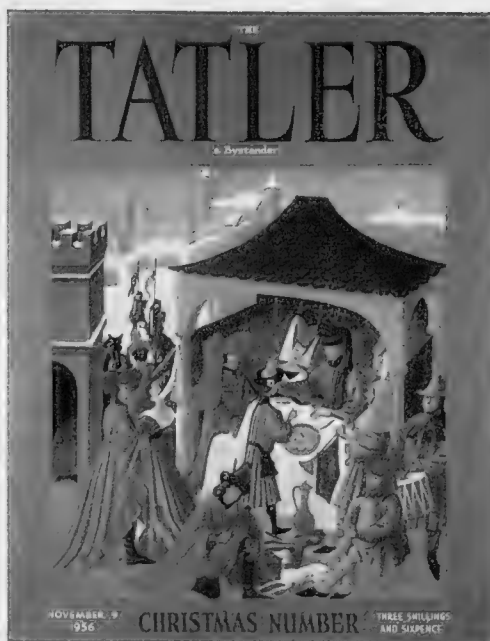
And tokens don't quite fit the bill, for they can tempt the recipient into ways of caution. I have my own mean moments, I know, when a wine-token that ought to be converted, with joyous abandon, into château-bottled claret, or some expensive Berncasteler Doktor, that I wouldn't normally be able to afford, is much more likely, at income-tax time, to be liquidated into a far greater number of bottles of some drinkable but run-of-the-mill table wine that will save me dipping into my own parsimonious pocket for a few weeks to come. This is not the spirit in which to receive and enjoy an "Acceptable Yuletide Gift."

★ ★ ★

THE late Lord Castlerosse bore a resemblance to Falstaff in more respects than one. Not only was he vast, but the massive Irish peer could have said, with the massive English knight, "Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Leonard Mosley's new book, *Castlerosse*, is as vastly entertaining as its subject, and his quotations from the critics of the Sickert portrait, exhibited at the 1935 Royal Academy, range from the *Manchester Guardian's* "arresting picture of a remarkable Playboy of the West End" to the unkind epithet in *Punch's* "full-width picture of Lord Castlerosse."

It was a predecessor of mine in these columns, the late Gordon Beckles, who is quoted as writing, "At a hundred yards' range . . . it resembles a ship in full sail. . . . But seen sideways it more suggests an expanse of spilled chocolate frothed with whipped cream. From about twenty



● THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER is now on sale and, with Philip Gough's delicately roisterous festive cover, is enlivening the bookstalls. Gaye than ever before, it has contributions by, among others, James Laver, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and George Mikes, a Christmas Alphabet and a noble dissertation on punch making and drinking. Illustrated with photographs, drawings and enchanting colour pictures, it makes ideal Christmas reading. It costs 3s. 6d. Copies may be ordered from The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, W.C.2, postage inland 6d., abroad 3½d.

yards' point-blank range the picture assumes human shape. People turn and stare at it and point." And I care very much for the description of the waistcoat: "Of such swan-like elegance but such elephantine proportions! Stretching down from the neck in a vast sweep towards his Lordship's knees. What craftsman is capable of such sartorial grandiosity?"

★ ★ ★

THE small Cypriot girls who are my neighbours have taken to roller-skates, and pursue their gingerly way along the street, clinging to the wall with one hand and casting nervous glances behind at the equally small and even more mischievous little Sikh boys from a couple of doors farther along, who like to catch them off balance with a shove in the small of the back.

It all prompted me to wonder what has

become of the street games of my own childhood: where are the whips and tops, where are the hoops, where are the leap-frog and hopscotch of yesteryear?

Hereabouts, the dark-eyed children play at ball and at skipping-rope, and I have seen the small males of the species stalking each other, gun in hand, at their own version of cowboys and Indians, or cops and robbers. (There are small orthodox Sikhs round here, one of whom put a Red Indian's feathered head-dress on top of his pink turban in order to fight his gun battle with a young cousin of his own, whose turban was surmounted by a Davy Crockett coonskin cap.)

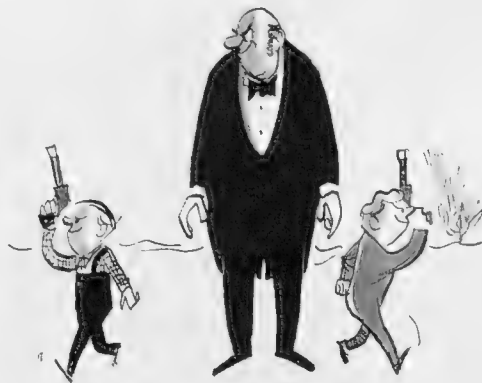
But there is nothing like the range and the repertoire of games that there used to be, and nothing like the trials of strength. One group of street games may return, though, if it is really true that the tobacco firms are proposing to reintroduce cigarette cards. There used to be all sorts of flippings and flirtings of cigarette cards that could cause them to change owners as freely and as frequently, and with as much fecklessness in some breasts, and with as much heartburnings in others, as chips in Monte Carlo or at Reno. That's the sort of upbringing that my generation had, that sets us all storming the post offices for Premium Bonds.

★ ★ ★

BENNETT CERF, the American publisher who is also an indefatigable recorder and retailer of anecdotes, tells in his newest collection, *The Life Of The Party*, of the two wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco who, invited to spend the day at a luxurious country club, saw for the first time a game of golf being played. After watching for some time a couple of golfers hacking their several ways out of a bunker, one Chinese turned to his friend and said, "Wouldn't you think that men as rich as that would get servants to perform such arduous and unpleasant labour for them?"

Which recalls Professor Gilbert Murray's scholarly footnote to the recent controversy in the correspondence columns of *The Times* about walking-sticks: had we, he asked, forgotten the solemn judgment of a Chinese sage upon the English, that even the best of them take a stick with them when they go for a walk? "For what purpose except to beat the innocent?"

BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham







*Mrs. G. A. Gundry, whose husband Major Gerald Gundry is joint-Master*

## THE BEAUFORT MEETS FOR THE NEW SEASON

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S hunt held their opening meet at Fosse Lodge, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire. The weather was fine and there was a large mounted field and a considerable number of car and foot followers. Right: The Duke of Beaufort with hounds arrives at the meet



*P. C. Palmer*

*Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, a member of the hunt, and Miss Fiona Brassey*



*Mrs. Jack Gibbs, Mr. B. N. Gibbs and Mrs. Gibbs were among the large field*



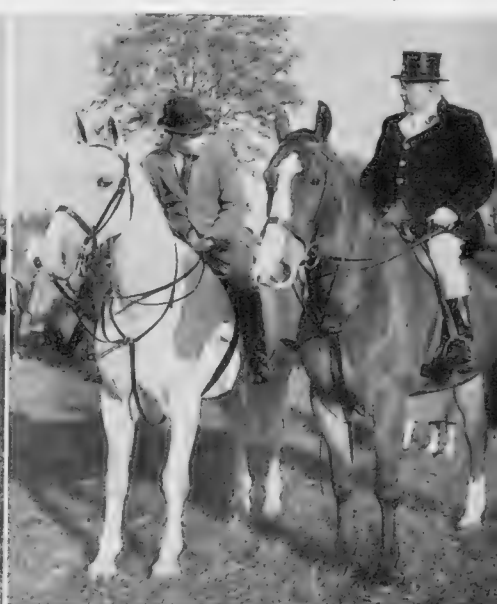




Lady Caroline Somerset and Mrs. John Wilder waiting to move off



Mr. Simon Clarke was chatting to Colonel R. B. Moseley



Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and Miss Helen St. Clair were following



Mrs. W. H. Hodges with Miss D. M. Hodges and Miss P. M. Hodges

Judy Hayes and David Graves were among the younger mounted followers

The Duchess of Beaufort was one of the early arrivals at the meet





## *Priscilla in Paris*

# DAY OF MEMORIES

"ONE seat inside!" shouted the conductor of the motor-bus. It was one of the nice, old-fashioned cars that permit standing room on the rear platform. The elderly passenger who had just boarded the vehicle clutched an enormous bunch of tawny chrysanthemums as she pushed her way to the entrance. She halted, perplexed. There certainly must be a seat somewhere since the conductor said so . . . but where? The interior of the bus was crowded, not only with passengers but with flowers and looked more like a florist's delivery van than a public conveyance. On the *Toussaint*—All Saints' Day—France visits her cemeteries and garnishes her graves with flowers. Every town, village and hamlet is ablaze with blossoms and in Paris the beflowered processions to the burial grounds are interminable.

The impatient conductor peered into the compartment over the old lady's shoulder: "At the end of the car, on the right," he bellowed triumphantly, "no standing in the gangway!" A thicket of gladioli detached itself from a mass of Michaelmas daisies, two persons moved reluctantly and a narrow space appeared on the banquette of American cloth. To this haven the passenger stumbled, her tawny chrysanthemums took their place between the stately white gladioli and more humble daisies . . . all was well!

THE children's Salon is having its usual success at the Grand Palais. On the opening day many of the booths were not yet finished which made for the greater pleasure of young visitors. The fascinating tools, wet putty and even wetter paint-brushes that temptingly lay about were irresistible to small fingers. One of the features of this year's show is the "vocational guidance" that proposes to help parents in the choosing of careers for their children! Technicians are on tap to explain, amongst other things, the pacific uses of the atom!

Visitors to Paris who are always shocked—or say they are!—by the casual way Parisians have ceased to "dress" at the theatre will find that "tails-and-shoulders" are now *de rigueur*, every Tuesday evening, at the Théâtre de la Comédie Française. To quote Maurice Escande, the eminent *sociétaire*, "Thus may we hope to preserve what remains to us of refinement in these days of brutality and harshness." The audience had responded well and refinement was the dominant note that evening, but perhaps it was a pity that for the first of these sartorial gatherings the illustrious company of actors should have played *Le Demi-Monde*. The *beau-monde* of the half world, as portrayed by Dumas fils in the eighties, has little refinement to boast of.

IN a box at this performance were the Comte and Comtesse de Paris with two of their daughters: the Princesses Isabelle and Hélène and the latter's fiancé, the Comte de Limbourg-Stirum. The Comtesse de Paris was wearing a coat of blue brocade trimmed with mink, the Princesse Hélène was in ruby velvet, and the Princesse Isabelle, also in red, had a beautiful gold embroidered wrap of white satin.

After the immense success of *La Reine Morte* and *Port-Royale*, M. Henry de Montherlant's new play, *Brocéliande*, is an anti-climax. It is the story of an elderly, timorous bourgeois who suddenly learns that he is a descendant of King Louis IX of France (1215–1270). His pride is boundless, and he becomes a dictatorial, domestic tyrant. But when he discovers that some 1,500 of his contemporaries can also prove that they are in direct descent, *par les femmes*, from Saint-Louis, he leaves his cosy little drawing-room, goes into his snug little garden and blows out his poor little brains.

An absurd yet moving little story magnificently acted, but not the stuff for three acts at the Comédie Française.

## *Lac des chînes*

● "Only a calm lake reflects the stars." Chinese proverb.



PRINCE HENRY and Princess Marie-Astrid are two young descendants of the ancient ducal house of Luxembourg; Prince Henry is nearly two and the Princess three. They are the children of Prince Jean, heir to the Duchy, and Princess Charlotte







Houston Roger

## A dramatic singer to appear at Covent Garden as Carmen

MURIEL SMITH, who was first seen in this country in "Sauce Tartare," is soon to become the protagonist in "Carmen" at the Royal Opera House. This is her first appearance in opera in this country, though she was a pupil of Elisabeth Schumann, and played the title role in "Carmen Jones," the modernized version, in New York in 1943. She has made her home in England since her arrival in 1949



## At the Theatre

# A PROBLEM CANVAS

It is sad, but what now we have come to expect from Mr. Noël Coward is the moderately successful play. *Nude With Violin* at the Globe in no way exceeds expectation; it is another *Relative Values*, another *South Sea Bubble*, and in some respects inferior to these not very brilliant but mildly entertaining comedies.

An idea that other authors have already used becomes the pretext for some simple guying of modern art, and accomplished acting keeps us from complaining out loud that we are being fobbed off with entertainment that is at least twenty-five years out of date.

Tricks of the trade are being practised on us with a certain dexterity, but where is the special trade that was once Mr. Coward's own—that of so titillating an audience that a well-timed extravagance would twang home with the force of an epigram? The author who could in those days whip off a rollickingly funny line, catch a fleeting mood, sketch in a comedy with a few swift strokes, has dwindled into a mere playmaker who can still hold the stage but whose dialogue all too rarely achieves those little shocks of surprise which make all the difference.

STILL it would be foolish as well as ungrateful to let sadness at the temporary decline of a famous talent spoil enjoyment of a moderately successful play. It has one entirely successful scene. The world is mourning the death of a great modern painter for whose work the art dealers of every rich nation compete. The relatives whom he has never liked are gathered to shed crocodile tears, to bask in reflected glory and to divide the substantial estate.

And the dead man's confidential valet in the person of Sir John Gielgud wears the bland smile of a man who has startling news to communicate and is not the least perturbed to know that the news will hurt. He chooses exactly the right moment to read a letter from the great Sorodin saying that he has cheerfully spent all the money he earned and confessing with



Miss Ann Castle (above, left) as the daughter has sympathy for everyone, Miss Kathleen Harrison has thoughts for her young beau, and Miss Joyce Carey (right) as the wife is ready to weep for all



"NUDE WITH VIOLIN" (Globe Theatre). A famous modern artist dies leaving his valet to disclose that he never painted a thing in his life. Sir John Gielgud (above left), as the inestimable Jeeves with the Southern approach, has much pleasure in tantalizing Mr. David Horne's doomed art dealer. Drawings by Emmwood

blatant satisfaction that his masterpieces were without exception painted by other hands. Mr. Coward works up to this disclosure with all his old impudent dexterity, and the artful valet manages it delightfully.

The same situation in *The Truth About Blayds* gave A. A. Milne a cracking good first act, but when he asked Barrie why the succeeding acts had not gone so well, the master tactician murmured: "I think, in your place, I would have kept the old impostor alive."

Arnold Bennett in *The Great Adventure* did not make the same mistake. He sent the valet to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and the shy painter to domestic bliss in Putney whence he could emerge to frighten the art dealers out of their skins. Mr. Coward's disclosure leaves his most interesting character a corpse; and the rest of his play depends on a slow parade of the hirelings who painted the masterpieces. A mad Russian princess was responsible for the Farouche period, a good-hearted chorus girl for the Ronde period, and a Seventh Day Adventist for the Jamaican period.

As the first, Miss Patience Collier has little to work on beyond a comic Russian accent, a habit of biting and her casual admission that the important period came to an abrupt end when she found that she could not bear the smell of turpentine. Miss Kathleen Harrison is much more richly provided for, or perhaps it is Miss Harrison herself who makes her seem so. Her quarter of an hour as the chorus girl deliciously vulgar in pink, as ready to be "matey" as she is to let fly at those who are not the matey sort, is far and away the liveliest quarter of an hour that happens after the disclosure has been made. The luckless actor of the Seventh Day Adventist has only to poke a blacked face on to the scene. He alone of the hirelings has come not to collect money but to save the soul of the dead impostor by making a clean breast of the imposture; and it is off stage that his scruples are adequately dealt with.

For all this while Sir John Gielgud as the slightly sinister, blandly smiling and suavely resourceful valet has been walking in and out of the comedy, putting in here and there the light, easy, amusing touch which, to such an actor, is no trouble at all, and by so doing no doubt ensuring that the play will at least not fail to be moderately successful.

—Anthony Cookman



## A FAMOUS SCREEN ACTOR DELIGHTS THEATREGOERS

MR. TYRONE POWER is an actor famous for his screen, rather than his stage, performances. He has delighted his film audiences in "Lloyd's Of London," "The Razor's Edge" and "Captain From Castile." He made his first appearance on the English stage in "Mr. Roberts," and can now be seen in Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" at the Saville Theatre

*Photograph by Angus McBean*







# TREASURES AUCTIONED FOR HOSPITAL

PRIOR to an auction of gifts at Christie's, for the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, a reception took place in the Great Room. Three guests, W/Cdr. R. Grant-Ferris, M.P., Mrs. John McCarthy and Mrs. Michael Smyth are seen above, examining jewellery

*Mrs. Bay Hodgson in company with Capt. S. J. J. Boord, R.N., and Mrs. Joan Southey*

*Viscountess Vaughan, Mrs. J. H. Allason and Mrs. A. P. German-Ribon inspect objets d'art*



*Mr. Vivian Briggs, Mrs. Br. Mrs. Barbara Swanwick*







Van Hallan

*A pointer shows an exhibit, to start the bidding in the crowded chamber. A total of £8,000 was raised*

*The Hon. Mrs. O'Brien with Count and Countess Vanden Heuvel*

*Mrs. David Drummond discusses exhibits with Mrs. Leo Callender*

*Major Alastair Urquhart and Mrs. Urquhart were there*







A QUAKER COUPLE who are caught up in the fringe of the American Civil War are beautifully played by Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire in *Friendly Persuasion*



VICTOR MATURE plays a tough naval officer assigned to try out a new chemical anti-shark preparation off the Cuban coast in *The Sharkfighters* in Technicolor

## At the Pictures

# WHALE OF A FILM

MISS ROSALIND RUSSELL, demonstrating the art of party conversation in some gramophone recording, made I don't know *how* long ago, tentatively brings up the subject of *Moby Dick*. "Well, there was this whale . . ." says Miss Russell: a slight pause, pregnant with her audience's lack of interest, follows—and Miss Russell hastily moves on to another, more absorbing, topic.

It would be grossly unfair so slightly to dismiss Mr. John Huston's noble effort to bring the late Mr. Herman Melville's classic to the screen. There is a great deal more to the film than "this whale"—and yet there is not quite enough to make one feel wholly satisfied.

The initial mistake is in the casting of Mr. Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab, master of the whaling ship *Pequod*—a man obsessed to the point of madness by a ferocious hatred for the great white whale that made a cripple of him. Mr. Peck, his good looks still evident under grizzled hair, a growth of beard and a greasepaint scar, stamps about on his whalebone peg-leg, rolls his eyes, rants a little—but he never entirely dominates the picture. He is not, as I think he should be, an immense, tragic character in the grip of the Furies—nor does one sense in him the diabolical power forcing his crew to follow him to their doom.

MR. LEO GENN, who has had some wretched parts lately, comes into his own as the god-fearing Starbuck, who foresees the awful end to which his captain's impious lust for vengeance must inevitably lead. Mr. Richard Basehart is admirable as young Ishmael, the keen-eyed observer and, as sole survivor from the *Pequod*, narrator of the story—and Mr. Orson Welles is superb as Father Mapple, the New Bedford preacher, who mounts to a pulpit shaped like the prow of a ship, by means of a rope ladder and thunders a sermon full of authentic fire and brimstone. Messrs. Harry Andrews, Bernard Miles and Mervyn Johns are among a score of other actors giving excellent performances.

Mr. Huston has handled the whaling sequences magnificently: there is awe-inspiring courage in them. The muted colour, achieved by overlaying Technicolor with black-and-white, is exceptionally lovely: the dialogue, a sonorous and stirring reminder of the richness of our language.

As for *Moby Dick* himself, he impressed me less as an instrument of Fate than as evidence of the technicians' ingenuity—"a ninety-foot-long, thirty-ton monster made of plastic and electronically controlled" is how the publicity boys describe him. What with an Ahab who fails to chill and terrify, and a *Moby Dick* that only Polonius could say looks "very like a whale"—no wonder Mr. Huston's film is something of a failure. But it is a glorious failure—and as such deserves to be seen.

IN *The Sharkfighters*, Mr. Victor Mature is assigned to a U.S. Navy unit experimenting, off the Cuban coast, with a chemical preparation designed to deter sharks from attacking airmen shot down at sea. Mr. Mature admits that he knows nothing about sharks except that "they have lousy table-manners," but he nags and hectors and "pulls rank on" the other fellows in an attempt to bring the experiments to a quick conclusion.

When a nice little brown boy (Master Rafael Campos) is eaten by sharks, despite liberal use of the shark repellent, Mr. Mature decides to test the stuff personally. It seems to work: sharks come nosing about the water-borne and worried-looking Mr. Mature—and then sheer off. This convinces everybody except me that the preparation is effective. Since it seems possible that Mr. Mature just naturally repels even sharks, I'd like to see it tried out by somebody else before I trust my life to it.

Miss Karen Steele, an unusually intelligent looking blonde, has a thankless part as Mr. Mature's wife. This is a competently made film, in gaudiest Technicolor. Maybe I'd have found it quite exciting if the publicity boys had not, once again, been up to their old business of destroying illusion—but, alas, through them, I knew the sharks were only rubber ones. (And there! now you know, too.)





**A DREAM SEQUENCE** from the French comedy *Mam'zelle Pigalle*, which stars the engaging Brigitte Bardot as a most precocious schoolgirl. With her is Jean Bretonnière. Below, a new British thriller, *No Road Back*, stars Margaret Rawlings as Mrs. Railton, a deaf and blind London club owner. With her is seen Skip Homeier as her son John, a young doctor

Mr. Paul Newman, who gave an interesting performance in *The Rack*, gives another in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*—a film, based on the life-story of Mr. Rocky Graziano, about a juvenile delinquent from New York's East Side who became middleweight champion of the world. Mr. Newman, hunching his hefty shoulders and walking with the jiggling gait of one accustomed to nipping around in the ring, makes the boxer a by no means unlikeable thug in whose practically solid ivory head there is no real malice.

Miss Pier Angeli, a most sensitive actress, is appealing as the wife who shares her husband's career but loyally supports him in it because, as she says resignedly, "I didn't marry a man, did I? I married a middleweight." The fight sequences are so realistically beastly I could scarcely bear to watch them—but, despite the putting-off and somehow blasphemous sentimentality of the title and an absolutely nauseating song that goes with it, I consider this a good film.

**S**IGNOR FEDERICO FELLINI, who made *La Strada*, is responsible for *The Swindlers*—a depressing piece in which a bunch of Italian crooks batten on the poor. Sometimes they pose as priests, to rob credulous peasants, sometimes, disguised as government housing agents, they sell leases on non-existent flats to unhappy people forced by the housing shortage to live in slums. Between swindles, they have jolly champagne parties and drool over their wives and children. Messrs. Broderick Crawford and Richard Basehart (speaking with dubbed Italian voices) do their best to enlist sympathy for two of the gang—but only had me reaching for the insecticide.

—Elsbeth Grant





# SPRING-GUNS AND WOODCUTS

• Peter Dickinson •

OUTSIDE, in the streets of Kensington, it was an ordinary November evening, dusk and fog having fallen together like blotting-paper. My host was mixing drinks; he lived both snug and smug, and it seemed only to emphasize these qualities that the book that lay open by his chair was called *The Poacher's Vade-Mecum*. It was illustrated woodcuts stylized to the point of stiltedness, and its peaches-and-cream prose contained no practical information beyond instructions on making snares.

It was a sign of how things have changed in one of the oldest of all professions; and it is not only the rabbit-famine that has turned poaching into a hopelessly romantic occupation, like thatching. A hundred years ago now. . . .

On the night of January 18, 1816, the first of the great game battles took place. About thirty gamekeepers were patrolling land near Berkeley Castle. In the thick of the night they came across a slightly smaller gang of poachers who, instead of taking to their heels, drew themselves up in military formation and advanced, a tactic for which the keepers were so unprepared that they were thrown into confusion; one was killed and several were injured; then the poachers marched off the field in good order.

It was less the murder than the evidence of high organization that nudged justice into action; Bow Street was called in; twelve of the gang were taken; two were executed and eight deported. It turned out that they had met at the house of a respectable rate-collector who, after blacking their faces and doling out ammunition, had made them take an oath on a rather Biblical-looking ready-reckoner, "not to peach on each other."

Nine of the twelve captured were sons of well-to-do farmers, which makes the affair sound, in a way, like no more than the sort of high-spirited affray that had been going on for centuries. (Young gallants in the reign of Charles II used to beat up the watch on dull evenings.) Several Bedfordshire gentlemen were found to have supported one of the many similar gangs whose skirmishings made news during the next ten years. But, unlike beating up the watch, poaching had a very sound economic structure, at the base of which, though seemingly as remote as my host of Kensington from alarms and assassinations in the midnight coverts of the counties, rested the townsman, rich, comfortable and hungry for game.

Though the law of the land forbade the sale of game, that of supply and demand operated as well as ever. "I send my guinea to market," said a townsman, "and that's as good as a gun." The coach companies had to make special arrangements to carry game to London. Occasionally the market was glutted.

THE Game Laws were savage but far too inefficient to do more than mete out an occasional seven years' deportation for a first offence. A man who wished to keep his game alive for him to kill had to do his own preserving. Robert Peel, who said that he preserved "only in the mildest manner," kept five keepers on permanent duty and twenty men in reserve. Others used spring-guns and man-traps, and though innocent wanderers were killed it was all perfectly legal; in fact one of the rare convictions in a case of this nature occurred when a man was fined five pounds for setting spring-guns to keep hares off his garden; his offence was that he was not qualified to kill hares.

It is not surprising that there was a growing movement for reform which gathered to a series of booming Parliamentary climaxes. These followed a regular pattern. The reformers might argue as wittily as Fox or as earnestly as Wilberforce, but when they had said their say the country members would declare simply that this was no time "to disgust resident gentlemen," vote for more stringent penalties, and go home to their pheasants. Naturally, as the bitterness grew, wild things were said and written, but not even the wildest reformer thought of describing the poacher as "romantic," and on the side of the resident gentleman there is an even more convincing voice: "He is the very scum of the territory on which he crawls," said Walter Scott, the Great Romantic.







## LADIES EXHIBIT CHAMPION DOGS

THE Ladies' Kennel Association Great Championship Dog Show was held at Olympia. A record entry of 6,300 attracted a large crowd of spectators, and the judging of the ninety-nine breeds the show went on in several rings throughout the day. Above: the class for children's dogs

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Virginia and Gail Orr and Mrs. H. C. Orr  
with prizewinning Roundway Honey-bunch



Mrs. F. C. Raine, Miss S. Dyer and Lady  
M. Drummond-Hay with chihuahuas

Mrs. John K. Jacobs and schnauzer  
Ch. Delaborde Bonuycks Eros

Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie and Dandie  
Dinmont, Franabella Madrigal

Pat Sutton with Treetops Golden  
Falcon, Cruft's Supreme Champion

Miss Judy Hildred and Lindy, a  
rough-haired collie



## Book Reviews

# INSIDE THE VICARAGE

VICARAGES (and rectories) have about them something peculiar to English life. No other country shows anything quite the same as the C. of E.'s domiciles for its clergy. Architecturally various though they are, from classic Queen Anne to Gothic Victorian, as abodes they have always something in common. Parsonages loom large in English novels, and can one wonder!—not only are they great subjects, but many of our novelists have sprung from them. However, the book I have now in hand, **Picture A Country Vicarage** (Elek, 15s.), is not fiction—rather, affectionate reminiscence is the vein of the author, Anthony Brode.

Mr. Brode was the only son of the incumbent of a splendid late-Victorian monstrosity, built in the days when a vicar could be expected to maintain an "establishment" hardly less than the squire's, in addition to raising a tribe-like family. A vast butler's pantry, extensive stabling and acres of run-to-seed walled garden bore witness to departed clerical glory. Mr. Brode senior, his wife and the boy Anthony rattled about, inside, in echoing space. It was their fate to harbour from time to time mammoth pieces of furniture cast out from their friends' smaller, modernly planned houses. Chronic servant-shortage (the 1930s were less easy than we may now remember) did not deter the Brodes from taking in a succession of paying guests, all female and each one dottier than the one before.

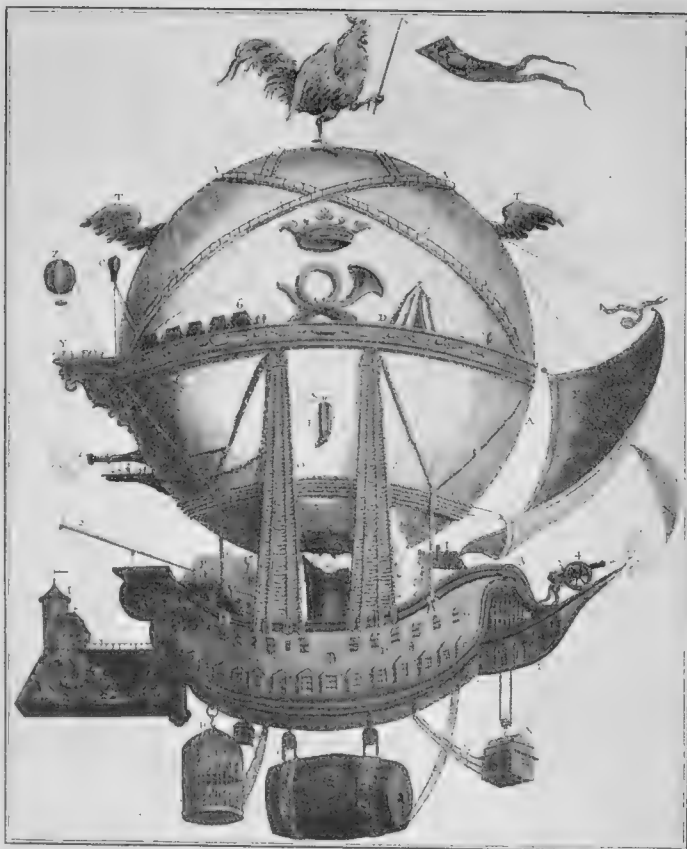
THE vicarage, unlike some, had no ghost or poltergeist, but its pointed porch was a nursery for bats, which after nightfall streamed through the rooms. Tennis racquets were always on hand, to cope with them. The bats did not enter the nearby church—which, as Mr. Brode explains, had no belfry. The country in which this vicarage stood was what the author calls the Stockbroker Belt, midway between London and the south coast. Each year, therefore, the choir outing involved a controversy—a day in town, or the sea? Alas, the choir grew so sophisticated that soon nothing would do them but the West End. The setting of the whole party, intact, un-lost, on and off the moving staircase at Waterloo was one of the vicar's annual anxieties.

"My father," with his adventurous doings, is the hero of *Picture A Country Vicarage*. Eccentric, and clearly extremely lovable, he emerges from every episode unruffled. His optimism in the matter of ancient motor cars, his chutney-brewing, his near-miss of an active lady parishioner when letting off a rifle out of a window, his "exchanges of pulpit," his dealings with Syd and Effie the turkey-maniacs, his diplomatic handling of admirals, colonels and of course stockbrokers, his début as a school padre . . . these and much else make absorbing reading. The epic war over levelling the churchyard, and the mystery of the hopping hassocks, are also high points.

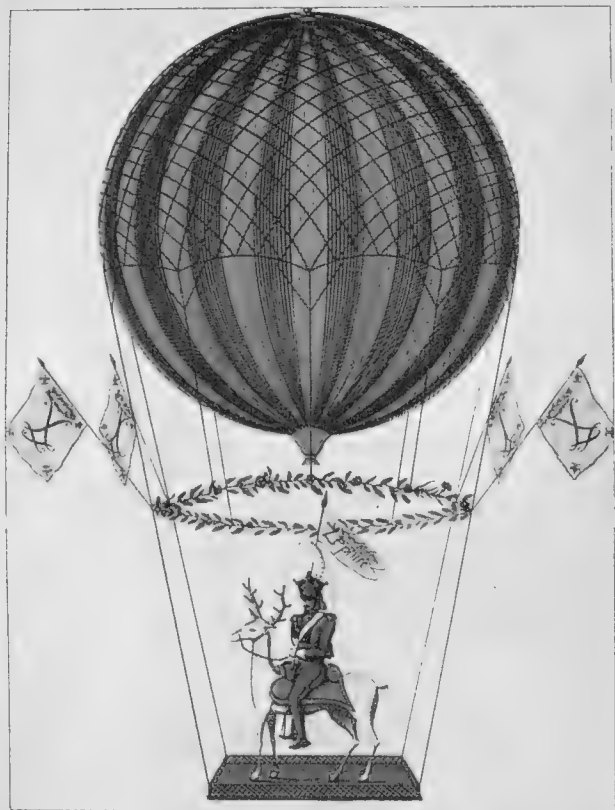
These modern, genial "Scenes from Clerical Life" should not on any account be missed. The jacket drawing is such a speaking picture of a country vicarage (as specified) that I mean in time to paste it inside the book—which, needless to say, I intend to keep. This is Anthony Brode's first full-length prose work: as poet and parodist he may well be known to you through *Punch* and other periodicals.

★ ★ ★

FROM Kendal Burt and James Leasor comes **The One That Got Away** (Collins and Michael Joseph, 16s.), an escape story the other way round. That's to say, the escaping prisoner of war is a German, and the "enemy country" our own, then Canada. Franz von Werra, Luftwaffe pilot shot down in the Battle of Britain, made two dramatic get-aways in the North of England: twice recaptured (and really, the second time, the reader begins to feel it *was* bad luck!) he was later, with fellow officers, shipped to Canada. Near Ottawa, he leaped from a moving train. This was in mid-winter. He succeeded in crossing the St. Lawrence into the then neutral United States, and from there, having basked in publicity and been greatly lionized, he made his way roundabouts home to Germany.



MONTGOLFIER'S invention, the balloon, in 1783 began a new form of pleasurable sport. "Balloons," by Mr. C. H. Gibbs-Smith (Ariel, 25s.) is an essay on these extraordinary craft; from it are taken these charming illustrations. Above, La Minerve and, below, Margat on his white stag Coco floating above the Tivoli Gardens







VERA BRITTAİN, whose new book will be published in the spring or early summer, has recently left for the United States where she is to make a lecture tour

Yevonde



MONICA DICKENS, great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, whose new novel, "The Angel In The Corner" (Michael Joseph, 15s.), has a London setting

Eric Coop

On his return, von Werra dictated an account of his experiences from capture onward. The document was at the time officially suppressed—for one thing, the Nazis considered it too pro-British. Now, it is in the hands of this book's authors. Von Werra is not, however, their sole authority for this amazing story: they have checked and counter-checked at the British end—examining records, interviewing the people von Werra contacted along his course. *The One That Got Away* is, therefore, not only an all-round but an authentic picture—which could not, it seems, be said of von Werra's own first account! This young man's personality is as extraordinary as anything in the book: endlessly daring and brave, he was also boastful. This audacious playboy all but got away with everything. He was killed soon after his return to duty.

The young German's impressions of wartime England—far from what he had expected—are interesting. Still more so are his accounts of, and his reactions to, the British interrogation methods. His escape *was* a reverse from our point of view, for the then enemy learned by what he could tell. Later German prisoners, put wise, were far more on guard.

★ ★ ★

H. B. MORTON's *Springtime* (Constable, 15s.) deals with the *Vie de Bohème*. Subtitled "Tales of the Café Rieu," this lively book has for setting the Latin Quarter of Paris: at the café foregathers a youthful group of poets, painters, musicians and so on, linked by dreams of glory and contempt for "success." Their try-ons and try-outs, ups and downs in love, gambles with fortune and masquerades at other people's expense provide fifteen light, entertaining stories. The moral appears to be, why worry? You may find *Springtime* your tonic, or you may not.

★ ★ ★

LADYS MITCHELL's latest detective novel, *Twelve Horses And The Hangman's Noose* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is to be reckoned among her best. Our dear Mrs. "Crocodile" Bradley is now a D.B.E. and as Dame Beatrice she's in better-than-ever form. The scene, this time, on the fringes of the New Forest, is

Seahampton; a not far away south-coast town with a fine old smuggling tradition and ancient grammar school, whose new buildings Dame Beatrice, banked in flowers, ceremonially "opens." Horse interest, however, as the title suggests, keeps a steady balance against scholastic.

John Mapsted, owner of riding stables near the Bradley headquarters, is apparently kicked to death by his favourite horse. Laura Gavin (*née* Menzies) is convinced that the matter ought to be gone into. "You cannot hang a horse," as someone remarks, but she still feels she *should* clear the noble suspect. Laura's husband, charming Detective Chief-Inspector Robert Gavin (who has so far failed to detach his wife from the tentacles of her patron, the D.B.E.) is recruited, to add the official touch.

—Elizabeth Bowen



HORSEMEN everywhere will be amused at John Tickner's light-hearted approach to the noble animal in "Tickner's Light Horse" (Putnam, 10s. 6d.) from which this illustration is taken





# A SELECTION DE LUXE

FROM Bradleys comes the exotic coat in dyed kolinsky (opposite page), beautifully designed with a wide collar turning up high around the face, wide sleeves and cuffs which button back. The silky black, broadtail coat designed by Pierre Balmain (below) is made by Debenham and Freebody. It has unusual dropped shoulders gathered into wide sleeves. Right: also from Bradleys comes this fabulous stole in natural Russian sable



Michel Molinare



Fashions by  
Isobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez





THE OCELOT coat on the opposite page is from Louis Silverblatt. It is a beautifully marked featherweight coat, full and sweeping, with a high rever collar and deep cuffed sleeves. A perfect example of co-ordination of design and fur, equally suitable for day or evening wear

## *Coats for wearing all around the clock*

A CHUNKY coat plushily tailored in ivory blond beaver (below left) comes from Morris Furs. This deliciously warm coat with a polar look has a wide, cosy collar, low cuffed pockets and wide sleeves that are banded and buttoned. In a style that will not date and in a hard-wearing and popular fur is the three-quarter length jacket in dark, glistening, chocolate-brown Alaska seal (below right). By Calman Links





THESE beautiful coats are all Persian lamb and designed and tailored to perfection. This fur has always had a deservedly Continental flavour, bringing with it a unique sense of sophistication and elegance. Above left: From the autumn collection of Albert Hart a luxurious new black South-West African Persian lamb greatcoat, opulently trimmed with a high collar of white mink. The dramatic white hat is from Gina Davies. S. London also chooses a black South-West African Persian lamb and white mink for this slender coat, fastening high with its round 'baby collar'. The hat is by Dolores

## *Persian lamb—the fur for the sophisticate*

A SMOOTHLY tailored three-quarter length jacket by Maxwell Croft (opposite page) with softly rounded shoulders and deep sleeves tightening to a narrow wrist. It has this season's side vents and also the new idea of teaming contrasting furs. This jacket is collared and faced in sleek black beaver. The Artist beret is in white silk with a black velvet band by Jenny Fischer. A perfect coat for day or evening





CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

THIS tailored coat in pure lambswool and camel-hair by Dereta boasts the newest Milium metal-insulated lining; 12 gns. Below: Black mouflon and velvet toque, £7 19s. 6d.; calf bag, 75s. 9d.; washable suède gloves, 34s.; bracelets, £5 10s. and 65s.; earrings, 55s. Right: Tan leather bag and gloves, 49s. and 29s. 6d.; blue felt hat, 46s. 9d. Peter Robinson

## THE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

*Photographs by John French*







# Luxuries to lighten the winter months

*THIS selection should appeal to all those who like fine craftsmanship and beautiful materials to go to the making of their accessories, flavoured with imagination and originality of design. The Italian bags are both fashionable and spacious; since they have plenty of room inside them for lists and notes, they are ideal for Christmas shopping. Any of these accessories would also make extremely welcome presents—JEAN CLELAND*

This mink-coloured crocodile bag is made from the finest skins, costs £31 10s. and comes from Russell & Bromley; Jacqmar's Paisley wool scarf costs £2 9s. 6d.

Poodle fanciers will be delighted with this Swiss lawn handkerchief in black, blue and red costing 5s. 11d., and the silk square, £2 7s. 6d. Both at Woollands







Above: The black belt in calf and anelope costs £4 4s. and the Indian lamb tie, £4 14s. 6d. Smart additions to your winter wardrobe, by Jacqmar

Below: Italian bag in tan reversed calf, edged with matching hide, in two sizes, £7 17s. 6d. and £11 0s. 6d.; pure silk square £6 6s. All from Woollands

Above: Italian bags made of natural hemp and tan hide with brass feet; the small one costs £8 8s., and the larger, £11 0s. 6d. From Woollands



Above: From Paris come these satin mousse gloves by Neyret, costing £1 9s. 6d. a pair. The bracelet is made of Italian silver and costs £4 4s. Gloves and bracelet at Swan & Edgar's

## Beauty

## Initiating youth

Jean Cleland



To young girls stepping from the schoolroom across the threshold into a grown-up world, the whole question of beauty care and making the best of their looks in a sensible way must seem a bewildering business. As the daughter of a friend said to me the other day, "It's so difficult to know where to start and what to use. There's so much of everything."

How right she is, I thought, when I stood looking round the cosmetic department of a big store. Counters and counters with nothing but beauty preparations and scents. Shelves piled high with all manner of creams, lotions, astringents, cleansers, foundations, and packs. And every day, new ones appearing like mushrooms that have sprung up overnight. No wonder youth finds it difficult to see the wood for the trees.

Maybe I can help to clear the ground and straighten things out a bit. Young people do not need an elaborate routine, or a whole lot of beauty preparations. What they have should be *good*; a reliable make, suited to their particular type of skin. This last is *highly* important. To use certain creams and lotions just because a friend likes them may do more harm than good. What is right for her can very easily be entirely wrong for you. Remember then, when buying your preparations, to say whether you want them for a dry or an oily skin. If you are not sure, then go to any good salon and ask one of the experts to advise you. This kind of information costs you nothing, and those in charge are only too willing to help.

WHEN you are making your purchases do not be tempted to try a whole lot of odds and ends because people have told you that they are good for this or that. The probability is that you will never use them. Another thing, do not start off by spending all your money on make-up so that there is nothing left for the essentials. That is simply putting the cart before the horse. For the best results, decide on a good make, and select what you need, all from the same range. This is much better than flitting from one brand to another. Each manufacturer creates a series of preparations that are balanced to go one with the other. If then, you are getting X's cleansing cream, follow through—a good rule for many things other than golf—and get X's skin food and so on. Even if they seem a little expensive to start

with, they can be quite economical in the end. If you don't waste them, and learn to use them to the best advantage, they last a long time.

The next thing to consider is what you really need, and unless you have a "problem" skin, your needs are few. A liquefying cream, a cleansing lotion, or soap to cleanse with, a skin food for nourishing purposes, to be used at night, and maybe a foundation. There are various opinions as to the best way of cleansing the face, but a safe general rule is liquefying cream for dry skin, soap and water, followed by a second cleansing with cream for normal skin, and cleansing lotion or soap and water for oily skin.

GOING around as I do, I find the well-known beauty houses very sympathetic and helpful to youth. Some of them cater for young people with special sizes in preparations to reduce expense. Helena Rubinstein, for example, has her "Pink Quartet" designed for young beauty, and priced accordingly. There's a deep cleanser to use night and morning, and a clearing cream, with herbal ingredients, to put on at night. The "problem" skin, with a tendency to pimples and blackheads, is taken care of with beauty washing grains and a medicated cream.

The House of Yardley is also out to help youth, with a little booklet called *Through The Looking Glass With Yardley*, which is a delightfully simple beauty lesson. In it you can see exactly what to use for dry skin, in-between skin, greasy skin and normal skin. In each case, the routine, which includes such well-known Yardley preparations as oatmeal soap, English complexion cream and Yardley toning lotion is simplicity itself.

Cyclax make a special baby skin food, which is both nourishing and wonderfully soothing to the young skin. They advocate a cleansing cream for removing make-up at night, and a wash with Cyclax skin soap in the morning. For clearing spots and impurities, and treating an acne skin, they have a special lotion, which, applied several nights a week, according to directions, has an amazingly good effect.

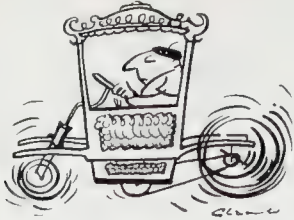
Elizabeth Arden believes in starting really early with beauty care, and has a charming little beauty box specially designed for young beginners. "Here," she says, "are the preparations to make bathtime a real joy—and the pure and precious creams and lotions to safeguard a delicate young skin, and lay a foundation for radiant beauty in years to come."



A BEAUTY CASE makes a delightful gift for the young girl. Yardley's charming one (left) costs £2 5s. That on the right has been specially designed for the young beginner interested in the art of make-up by Elizabeth Arden. Cost, £6 10s. 6d.





*Motoring**Oliver Stewart*

## OUR RESPECT FOR AGE

ATTENTION was inevitably diverted from the Commemoration Run of Veteran Cars from London to Brighton by international events. Nevertheless, the run may once more be regarded as a success. On the part of the route which I observed, the interest was as great as ever. It is the one occasion when the motorist wins the absolute approval of the "mutable, rank-scented many" and is cheered on his way.

It is a curious thing that those driving in a veteran car experience a different atmosphere from that to which they are accustomed when they are driving about in the ordinary way in a modern vehicle. There is a noticeable friendliness. It is partly because, to the uninstructed, the veteran car is something of a joke. But it is also concerned with the belief that the veteran car is difficult to handle and calls for a special act of skill.

This year, as the Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club pointed out, the run was the diamond jubilee celebration. In that space, since 1896, the world has been changed as much by the motor car as by any other mechanical invention. And, unlike aviation, motoring has always been primarily a peaceful pursuit.

Once again Imperial Chemical Industries have issued their statistical study of the colours used for the cars that were exhibited at the Motor Show. There are considerable changes. Greys, for instance, were much commoner than last year and greens were much less common. Black was down in popularity and two-tone schemes were up.

Of the 291 cars on show 121 were painted in two colours. Black, at only four per cent, does seem to be losing favour rapidly. It used to be a desirable colour because of the ease with which blemishes could be touched out. With other colours there was always the risk of a failure to match. Now that risk is much diminished.

In car finishes I would like to see more attention paid to the requirements of those who use their cars in all weathers and who sometimes must leave them without a wash for weeks on end. What is needed is bright parts that will last. The homogeneous, instead of the plated part, has many advantages.

ONE injunction I try to impress upon new drivers is: keep the stopping distance within the seeing distance. Yet it is advice which is not often complied with in country lanes. A country lane has a deceptive appearance of emptiness and the driver, although he cannot see round the corners, tends to assume that the road is clear. Yet it is in country lanes that children are apt to stray about the road—for exactly the same reason, that they feel that there is no need to expect any vehicle.

Another trouble is that some drivers fail to co-relate seeing distance with stopping distance. They do not realize that the limitations on braking imposed when the car is on a corner, or on a piece of rough or of slippery road, alter the picture. I would suggest that an occasional test of what really can be done about stopping on a corner is worth while.

A car under heavy braking is less controllable than at other times. Under heavy braking on a corner it can become almost uncontrollable. It is a point too often overlooked, for the "emergency stop," as practised, is usually a straight stop. To stop on a curve or a corner is a different affair.

Police action is never taken about vehicle speeds on winding country roads. Police speed checks are always made on straight, well-surfaced main roads where high speeds are safer.



### Sunday run to the coast

THE Diamond Jubilee run of veteran cars to Brighton included (above) Mr. J. Howes with Mlle. M. J. van Hertbruggen, in his 1902 Wolseley, and, right, Mr. R. Schimp, and Mrs. W. Jager, with his 1903 Renault



Cdr. Hugh Trevor Dawson, Bt., C.B.E., R.N. (above), with his 1897 3½ h.p. Benz dogcart, and Mr. S. Kentish. The Royal Automobile Club organized the run



Sir Thomas Salt, Bt., and his daughter, Sarah, at the Hyde Park rallying point in the 6 h.p. 1904 Wolseley, owned by Mr. James Allday

A. V. Swache





Yevonde

**Miss Anne Constantine**, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Constantine, of Tanton Grange, Stokesley, Yorkshire, is engaged to Mr. John Simson, son of the late Col. G. O. Simson and of Mrs. V. Simson, of Santiago, Chile



**Atkins—Adams.** Mr. Edward Robert Atkins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Atkins, of The Bridge House, Kington, Herefordshire, was recently married to Miss Audrey Peregrine Adams, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Peregrine Adams, of Avenbury Court, Bromyard, Herefordshire

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Fayer

**Miss Meriel Gold**, elder daughter of Mr. Michael Gold, of Tangier Park, Basingstoke, Hants, and of Mrs. Hans Barnard-Hankey, of Plush, Dorset, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Spira, son of Dr. and Mrs. J.-J. Spira, of Chesterfield House, W.1



Vandyk

**Miss Avril Shirley Gaywood**, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Gaywood, and elder step-daughter of Lt.-Col. W. H. G. Sherwen and Mrs. Sherwen, of Beechleigh, Camberley, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Richard David Shepherd, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Shepherd, of Oakhill House, Frensham, Surrey



Harlip

**Miss Diana Margaret Foster Robinson**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Robinson, of St. George's Hill, Easton-in-Gordano, near Bristol, is to marry Capt. George Peter Patrick Schwerdt, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. I. Schwerdt, of Hay Hill House, Bishop's Stortford, Herts

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Mackesy—Dawson.** Mr. Anthony Creagh Mackesy, younger son of the late Maj.-Gen. P. J. Mackesy and of Mrs. Mackesy, of Southwold, Suffolk, married Miss Elizabeth Dawson, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. D. A. Dawson, and of Mrs. Dawson, of Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5, at St. Saviour's, W.1



**Pearson—Hay.** Mr. Nigel Arthur Pearson, only son of Sir Neville Pearson, of Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, and of the late the Hon. Mrs. C. W. Hordern, married Lady Frances Hay, youngest daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale and the late Marchioness of Tweeddale, at St. Mary's, Haddington



**Osborne—Martin.** The marriage took place recently at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, between Capt. Keith Osborne, East Surrey Regiment, and Miss Elizabeth Martin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. K. Martin, of Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa



**Wilson—Feaver.** Mr. James Wilson, only son of Col. and Mrs. J. A. L. Wilson, of Hamilton House, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, married Miss Diana Muriel Feaver, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Feaver, of The State House, Addiscombe, at St. Peter's, Limsfield





Ivan de Wynter

ERNEST PUNSTER comes from the Austrian Tyrol, and trained in a Cortina hotel. He was maître d'hôtel at the De Vere, and is now restaurant manager at the Westbury

## DINING OUT

### Country feasting

I RECENTLY spent a rather unusual weekend at the Montagu Arms at Beaulieu, among my fellow guests being representatives of five other countries, all members of the Fédération Internationale des Journalistes et Ecrivains du Tourisme—a body devoted to the promotion of freedom in travel and the abolition of unnecessary restrictions.

Representing Great Britain and responsible for organizing their visit was Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Portham, proprietor of the travel magazine *Go*. What seems to me remarkable is that most of the visitors had come over only for a long weekend, Friday to Monday, a strenuous effort, in particular for a gentleman from Poland.

It was a stroke of genius to settle on the Montagu Arms because they saw so many towns and so much of the countryside in the short space of time available, as they motored down from London. Various people were extremely co-operative in assisting in their entertainment: Ian Roy Bennett, the landlord of the six hundred year old inn, The Haunch of Venison, in Salisbury, stood them a couple of rounds of drinks before they went off to the town hall, where the Mayor, Councillor E. P. W. Dnam, gave them lunch, and the Deputy Mayor showed them round the cathedral.

They then went to the Pavilion at Bournemouth where they were received by the Mayor, Councillor P. G. Templeman, J.P., and the Lady Mayoress, and entertained to dinner, which was outstanding from a gastronomic point of view, and on which the Mayor was congratulated. He explained in his reply that he wanted to give the lie to the impression so many people had that food in England was usually a small affair. The main courses were Sole Waleska and half a roast chicken each, with local vegetables cooked in a proper manner, accompanied by a White Bordeaux and a 1952 Beaujolais. After dinner they visited the Winter Gardens for the second half of a concert given by Charles Groves and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, and listened to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

ON Sunday they went over the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, a Cistercian monastery founded by King John in 1204, and then over the Palace House and the Montagu Museum. They were fascinated by this remarkable collection of veteran and vintage cars and motor bicycles, some of them dating back before 1900. All are in a beautiful state of preservation, being maintained by a properly organized staff. They then had lunch at Beaulieu Palace on English fare at its best: game and vegetable soup which (in spite of anything that Mr. Martin Lederman can say) could compete with anything that ever came out of a tin, followed by a partridge apiece which had been shot on the estate, blackberry and apple pie with custard, and a dozen bottles of Côte de Beaune Villages 1952 in support.

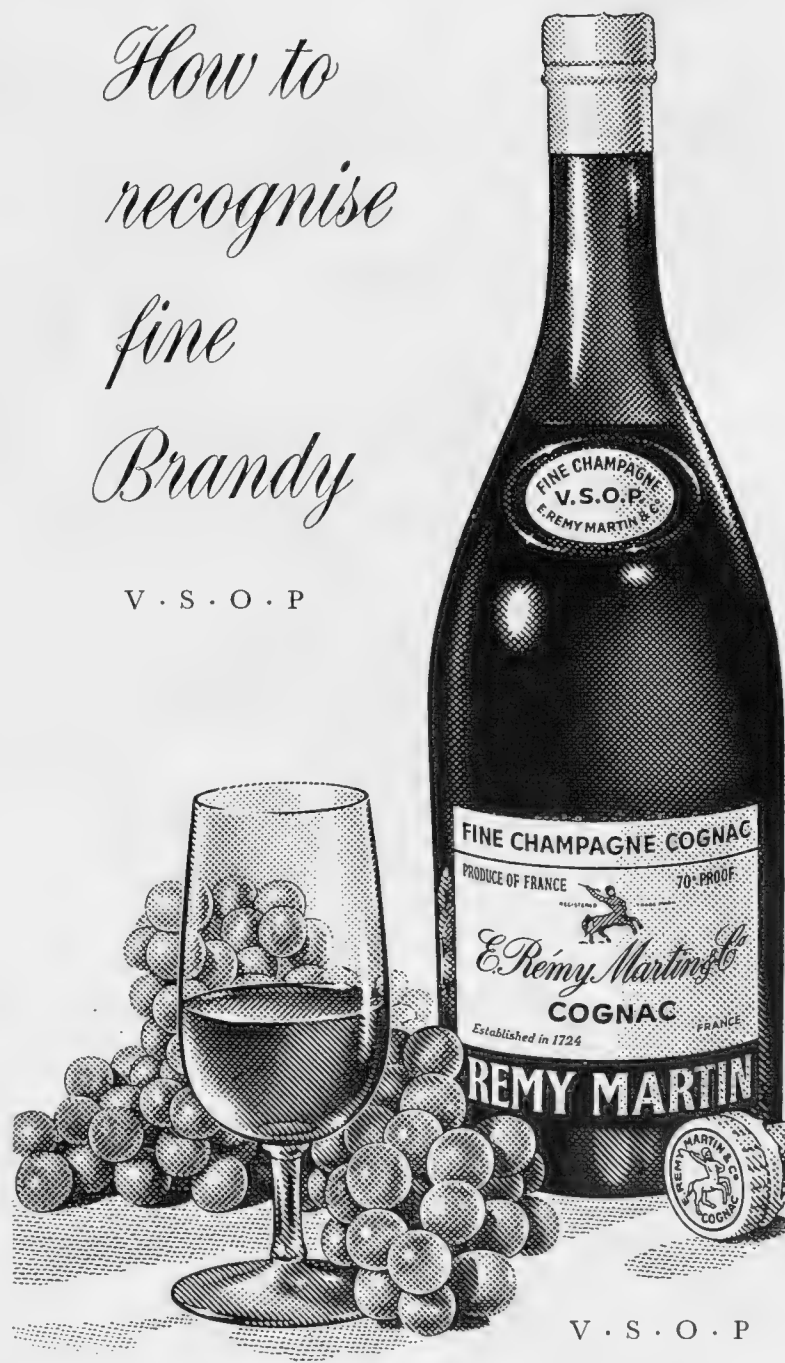
After this the party visited The Master Builder's Inn at Bucklers Hard, where it was explained to them that some of Nelson's fighting ships were built. This caused much merriment among the French contingent, who in the best of humour sang some old French sea shanties, devised at that time to pour as much scorn and derision on the British Navy as possible.

The whole affair was a great success, D. C. Jenkins, the proprietor of the Montagu Arms, being exceedingly co-operative and hospitable. Indeed, it is a curious thing that all the arrangements and hospitality extended to these visiting journalists were the work of private individuals, for it seems to me eminently an event in which our tourist authorities would have done well to interest themselves.

—I. Bickerstaff

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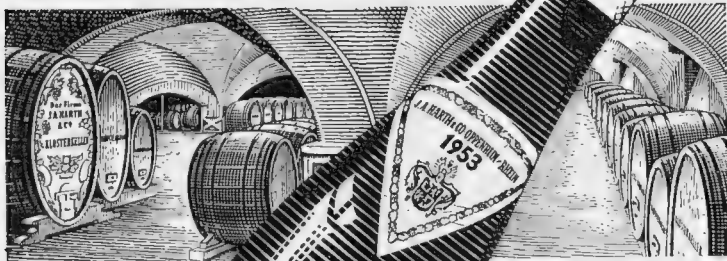
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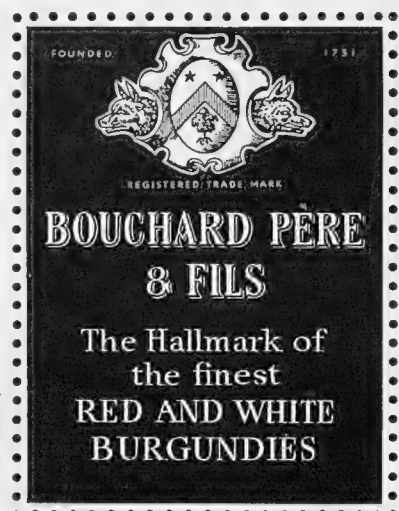
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CHELSEA



## DINING IN

# Pudding proved

THE world outside this country, and far too many of our own people, do not credit us with having particularly outstanding fare. It is heartening, therefore, for those of us who do appreciate the superb raw materials we have and the excellence of traditional British dishes in the hands of a good "native" cook, to learn that a team of British chefs, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Hope, *maitre chef de cuisine* of the Euston Hotel, London, received the premier awards and honours at the International Cookery Exhibition in Frankfurt-am-Main, last month.

Gold medals were won for each of the following traditional British dishes: beefsteak, kidney, mushroom and oyster pudding; boiled salt silverside with dumplings; roast Aylesbury duckling and roast grouse.

Because I was curious about the pudding, I asked Mr. Hope if there was any special additional ingredient in it which made it different from any others. No—it was the classic pudding, with neither additions nor trimmings. He then remarked that all the classic dishes of this country originated in home kitchens where the housewife or her servant cooked well and took pride in the craft.

Now for the pudding which was such a success:

For each pound of beef—top side, thick flank or any lean forequarter cut—allow (as Mr. Hope does)  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sliced kidney and 2 oz. sliced mushrooms and, for each person to be served, three oysters. Cut the beef into strips, season them well and dust them (not too generously) with flour. Wrap the kidney, mushrooms and oysters in the strips.

The pastry is the usual household one—4 oz. suet, 8 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt and enough cold water to mix to an easy-to-roll-out dough. Line the pudding basin with two-thirds of it, rolled out fairly thin. Fill with the prepared beef, kidney, mushrooms and oysters. Add a little chopped onion and cold water almost to cover. Moisten the rim of the pastry and place the remaining rolled-out third on top. Cover with greaseproof paper and tie a pudding cloth on top. Place in a pan of water reaching about half-way up the basin and boil for 5 hours, replenishing the boiling water as required.

FOR additional gravy, cover the trimmings of the meat and, if you think of it, a bone, with cold water. Add a chopped onion and seasoning to taste. Simmer, covered, while the pudding is boiling. Strain the gravy and thicken it slightly with a little flour, first blended in water and then stirred in. (I know that this is the old way and would, myself, prefer to make a *roux*.)

After removing the first wedge of crust at table, pour in some of this hot gravy so that it mingles with and dilutes a little the richer and usually fairly thick one in the pudding itself.

While on the subject of suet crust, let me urge lovely boiled apple dumplings, while apples have their full fresh autumn flavour. They will never be better than they are at present.

Peel and core the apples. Place each on a square of suet pastry and fill the core cavities with Demerara crystals. Bring the pastry up and over them, sealing them securely. Loosely tie each apple in a pudding cloth, first wrung out of hot water and sprinkled with flour. Lower them into boiling water and let them boil gently for 45 to 50 minutes. Remove the cloths and serve Cumberland Rum Butter with the apples.

—Helen Burke





It need not be expensive to plan

# A Continental Evening\*

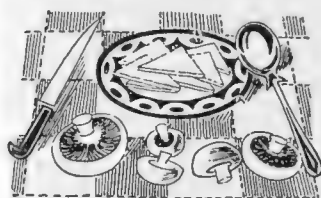
says *Jenella Fogarty.*



If you are expecting four or five guests to dinner, and are not quite sure of their tastes, why not take a tip from Lady Fogarty. Plan a Continental Evening. Soup followed by Roulade Nest for the main course with, say, a bottle of wine to create a Continental atmosphere. Such an evening need not strain the housekeeping budget. With Maggi to take care of that difficult first course and help with the others, the Continent comes to your kitchen for no more than a few shillings.

## THAT CONTINENTAL 'LIFT'

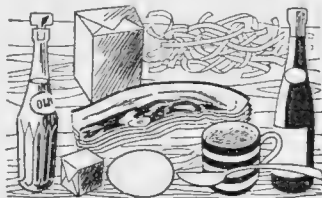
Soup makes a wonderfully piquant start to any meal, but when the main course is Roulade Nest, what can introduce it better than Maggi Mushroom! Like all Maggi Soups it is made from an exclusive Continental recipe. That is why Maggi Soups are one of the best kept secrets of many famous chefs throughout Europe; why you can't compete with Maggi.



## TEN EXCITING FAVOURITES

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For six ample servings, you just add the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water (a dash of white wine makes it even more delicious if you have some to spare) bring to the boil and simmer for some minutes. Voilà — all the natural goodness and flavour that ordinarily comes from six to seven hours' slow simmering, captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how! What could be easier for the hostess who is making a three or four course meal!

## ROULADE NEST

This dish as the main course requires a little extra care in preparation, but

if you follow this recipe, your guests will certainly agree that it was worth the trouble. You will need: —

- 1 tablesp. olive oil or fat
- 1 teasp. cornflour
- 1 teasp. tomato purée
- 1 box Maggi onion soup
- 1 cube Maggi chicken bouillon
- 1 lb. noodles
- 1 egg yolk
- Red wine or vinegar to taste
- 8 rashers bacon
- 2 teacups minced cooked turkey and sausage (with stuffing)
- 1/2 pt. water

Fry cornflour with one heaped teaspoonful of Maggi onion soup powder in oil lightly. Add tomato purée, 1/2 cube chicken bouillon and 1/2 pint water. Stir well and keep hot. Mix turkey and rest of Maggi onion soup powder (adding mixed herbs if no stuffing is available), bind with egg yolk and a little water. Form into 8 small rolls the width of the bacon rashers and roll one in each rasher. Tie with cotton or secure with half a cocktail stick. Place in tomato sauce,

cover well and cook 20-30 minutes. Stir in a little red wine or a dessert-spoonful vinegar for extra flavour. In the meanwhile: cook egg noodles for 5 minutes in boiling water, rinse and drain well. Fry until crisp and golden in slightly smoking deep fat. Drain and set on a hot dish. Hollow out the centre, serve the roulade and sauce in the hollow. Garnish with carrot rings and peas.

## WINE FOR THE TABLE

A Hock is an excellent choice with Roulade Nest — try a Forster Jesuitengarten or a Liebfraumilch Blue Nun, or a White Chianti served at room temperature — not as cool as the Hocks.

## TABLE DECOR

A simple touch that will make your table the perfect setting for good food and lively conversation is to mingle candles or tapers with dark green leaves. Fasten the candles in flower holders, or if you use candle wax, stand them in a ring on a mirror and decorate round them with seasonal foliage.

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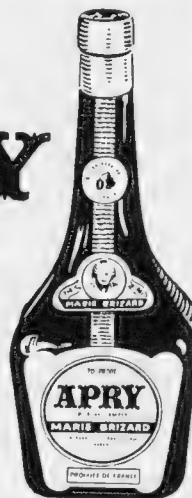


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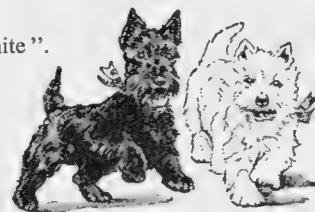
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It was in 1821 that Mr. John Wm. Burdon first laid down the soleras from which sherry was regularly supplied to the Spanish Royal Household and from which now comes Heavenly Cream, a sherry "so well conceived as to be the master of all others".

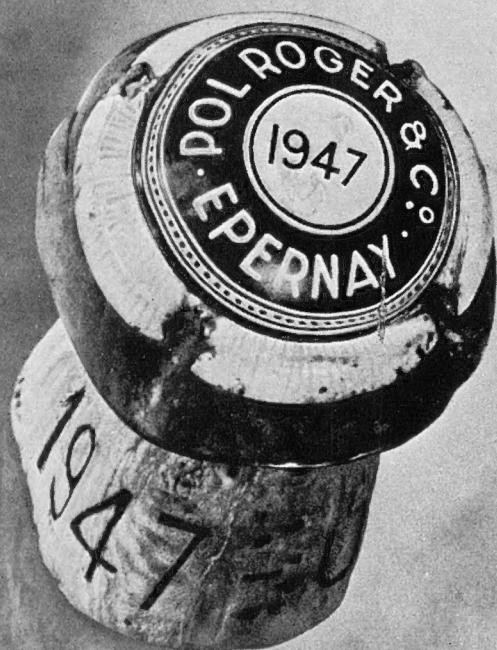
*"The Sherry with the tassel"*

Bottles 27/6 : Half-bottles 14/3

Shipped by Coleman and Co. Ltd. Norwich



*Sol Roger*



the best Champagne

A Highland treasure



... a world of pleasure

**VAT 69** *Finest Scotch Whisky*



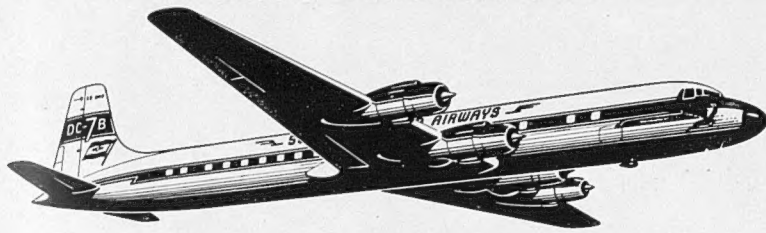
By Appointment  
To Her Majesty  
Queen Elizabeth II  
Scotch Whisky Distillers

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FROM 5th DECEMBER

# LONDON—JOHANNESBURG IN LESS THAN A DAY



## NEW WEEKLY STANDARD SERVICE BY DC-7B

Leaving London at 4 p.m. every  
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just 20 hours later. Only one stop  
of 60 minutes en route.



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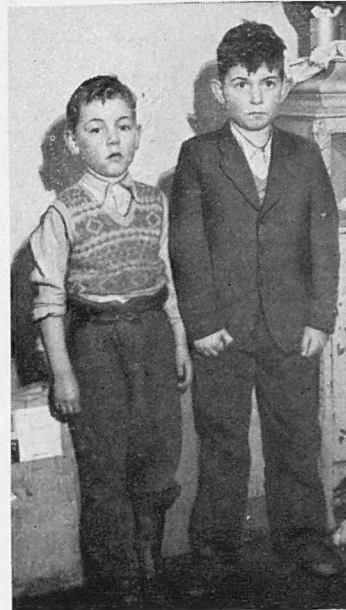
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Consult your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C. or South African Airways.

South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2

Telephone: WHitehall 4488

# “They were left 1/- to buy food”



\* THE Inspector went  
... again at 11.50 a.m.  
on Jan. 4. The children were  
alone and hungry. They had  
6d. each to use either for buy-  
ing fish and chips for lunch,  
or to go to the pictures.  
The condition of the house  
was so bad that a doctor cer-  
tified that the children were  
being neglected.

\* Extract from a newspaper  
report

John and Peter, aged 8 and 7, who  
were found in conditions 'so filthy that  
one could slide on the dirt and grease.'

## Now they are well cared for

... and in their own home! For the Society is reluctant to  
take children away from their parents. Tactical guidance  
and sympathetic advice to the parents—many of whom  
were themselves the products of  
poor conditions—has worked  
wonders in many  
cases. John and Peter  
are only two of nearly  
100,000 children help-  
ed every year by the  
Society. On its efforts  
depend the health and  
happiness of thous-  
ands of children.



A picture that speaks for itself.  
John and Peter seen with an  
official of the N.S.P.C.C. a few  
weeks after they had been res-  
cued from the distressing condi-  
tions in which they were found.

## We depend on YOU to help them

The Society is not nationalised. It still relies entirely on  
voluntary contributions to continue its vital work. Remem-  
ber the plight of those unhappy children and don't forget to  
send us a donation.

Please send your donation, however small, to the

# N · S · P · C · C

(88) VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

When making your will, please remember the N.S.P.C.C.

# Chig TIES

BRITAIN'S FINEST SILK TIE—about 30/-

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**SUNDEW**  
PURE IRISH LINEN

**PURE  
IRISH  
LINEN**

*Handkerchiefs*  
FOR  
**LADIES & GENTLEMEN**

**FROM ALL LEADING SHOPS**



A VIEW IN 1820 OF THE DISTILLERY BELONGING TO MESSRS BOOTH & CO.  
*Low Cross Street, near Smithfield.*

**BOOTH'S**  
FINEST  
**DRY GIN**  
70° PROOF  
**LONDON**

THIS BOTTLE BEARS OUR SIGNATURE  
AND TRADE MARK (A RED LION)  
Produced in London, England

Wishing you  
Happiness  
this Yuletide



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